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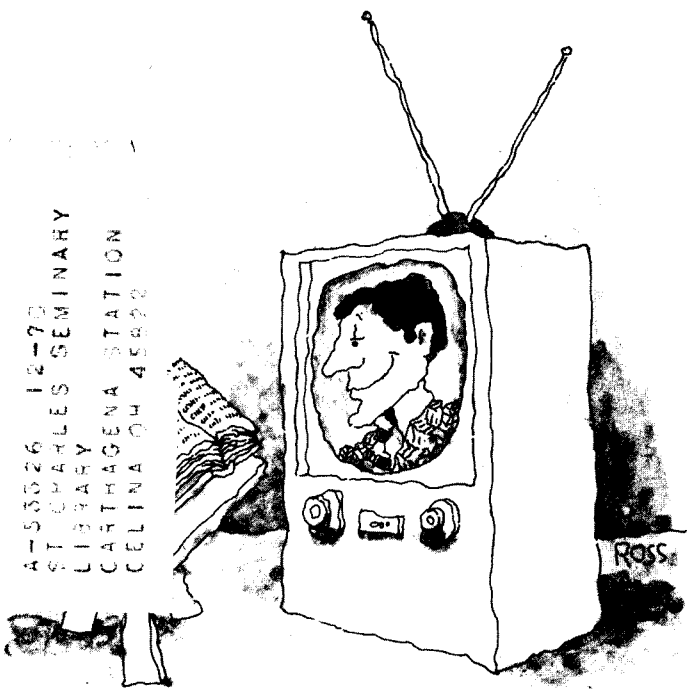

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Francis M. Wilhoit

WARREN HARDING STILL LIVES!

Clancy Sigal

LOOKING BACK WITHOUT ANGER

REVIEWS

BY SAUL MALOFF, LEONARD KRIEGEL, RAY L. HART, DAVID LODGE, WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS, MARGARET WIMSATT, THOMAS J. McDONNELL, JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP, B. J. WALLENSTEIN

ALSO: GERALD WEALES, RICHARD CORLISS, LINDA KUEHL, RICHARD FOX

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NEWS & VIEWS

Phil's Farewell

We went to the paraliturgical farewell for Phil Berrigan at St. Gregory's Church on West 90th Street, and they were passing out daffodils, reciting poetry and carrying on like kissin'-cousins at a family picnic. It was beautiful.

We entered Grand Central to catch the train home, and a brute of a man was thrashing the brains out of another man twice his age and half his size. It was sickening.

At St. Gregory's, 40 FBI agents milled among the crowd and a detail of uniformed police hung around adjoining blocks, all at the ready to save the republic from trouble-makers.

At Grand Central there wasn't a cop in sight and 40 or so on-lookers stirred only when Man I began burying his boot in Man II's kidneys.

There's no hard analogy in these events, perhaps, but the Grand Central incident did lend emotional emphasis to a political point Howard Zinn was making at St. Gregory's: this country is policing the wrong people.

It handcuffs and drags to prison Father Phil Berrigan for protesting the slaughter of thousands upon thousands in Vietnam . . . and retires with honor him who sent the troops and ennobles him who promises to keep the troops fighting.

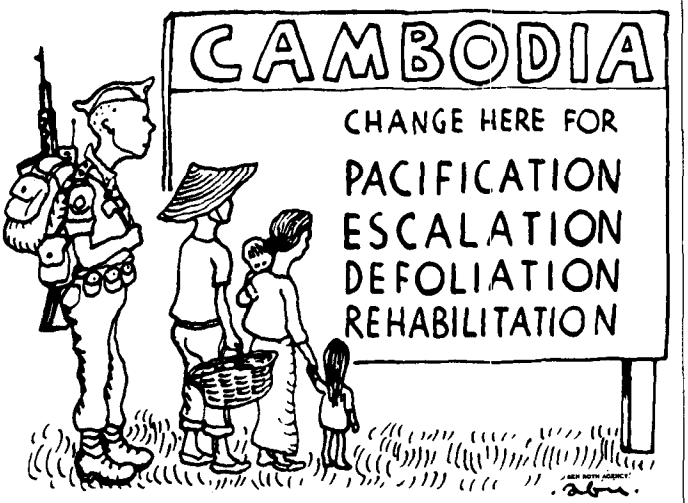
"America has never been defeated in the proud 190-year history of this country," Mr. Nixon said April 20. 'And we shall not be defeated in Vietnam."

That open-ended pledge to fight and to kill the nation applauds.

Phil Berrigan cries shame, and for disturbing the order which makes possible the killing he ends up being ignominiously hauled from church to prison.

If any of it makes sense, history is screwy.

Abu—Indian Express, New Delhi



The Boston Story

The study of schools of the Boston archdiocese, whose leaking raised hackles in official circles, confirmed what everyone knew: the schools are in trouble because of (a) funds and (b) vocations. The big surprise is how this trouble translates itself.

Financially, it means that parochial grade schools have a median per-pupil expenditure of only $99-a-year, compared to a $551 median for public schools.

On the high school level, another huge gap exists, diocesan high schools affording $232 per pupil as compared to $721 for public regional high schools.

The problem, of course, is the parochial schools' slim financial base, which, the study said, must be expanded if quality education is to be maintained.

With respect to faculty, the study showed a decline in religious-lay ratio to the point where there are now only two religious teachers to every lay teacher.

The study did not probe the vocations crisis, but it clued that religious orders are in an advanced stage of transformation into what the vocations crisis made inevitable from the beginning: they're becoming communities of senior-aged members.

In more than 50 percent of diocesan secondary and grade schools, the median age of religious averaged out at 46. (This compared to a median age of 25 for lay teachers in secondary schools, and 31 for lay teachers in grade schools of the archdiocese.)

However, in more than 25 percent of all schools the median age of religious teachers was found to be 50 and over. And one large teaching order had a median age of 54!

But perhaps the most disturbing thing about the study for diocesan authorities was that it "found no evidence that demonstrates the superiority of Catholic schools in the development of attitudes toward social and religious issues."

If the conclusion is valid, how then do you justify the existence of the schools? That's the next question.

The study was prepared for the archdiocese by the New England Education Center at Boston College. Two Boston newspapers got their hands on it and played it heavily. Cardinal Cushing demurred, terming the publicity "regrettable." The material, he remarked, "is merely the raw data from which we will make our decisions."

Which is true enough. Still, release of the data will impose on those decisions a new and special accountability. And that's to the good.

The Optimistic View

There will be salutary consequences to the church's travail, in the opinion of the director of Vatican news for Italian television.

"The church is not going to emerge from the storm quickly, and will lose many of its members in the coming years," Ettore Masina writes in *Interplay*. "Yet the crisis which currently torments it will increase its religious strength. And this, for the church, is what matters."

Masina based his conviction on what he terms one salient fact: "that as it passes through the crisis, the Roman Catholic Church (like many other great Christian churches) is discarding secular incrustations acquired during past centuries."

Odds and Ends

—Columnist Mary McGrory noted a bonus political convenience for Richard Nixon in hieing to Hawaii to greet the astronauts and declare successful the unsuccessful moon shot: he was able to cancel out on the White House correspondents' dinner and thus avoid "the not entirely congenial chore of awarding a journalistic prize to Seymour Hersh, the reporter who broke the story about My Lai."

—Grove Press, which usually has the cops calling on it, called the cops to rout 16 women protesting Grove's exploitive sexism and its unwillingness to organize. Said LNS: "It was one of the quickest busts in radical history," proving that Grove "operates in the same Stone Age as the Establishment it vilifies with "taboo-smashing' prose and 'daring' pornography."

—Speaking of pornography, credit peddlers with slick ingenuity in spreading their "good news." They're smuggling pornography into Australia in envelopes bearing the label, evangelist Billy Graham. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Of Beethoven and Mayer

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Paul Mayer sounds to me like a spoiled brat ["Diary of a Dissenting Priest," Apr. 3]. Anyone can distort a view by divorcing it from its real meaning. It reminds me of the professor who found fault with everything. Finally he went to concert in which a famous ensemble played Beethoven's Late Quartets. Even then he found fault, even though he was a lover of music. "Isn't it a shame to see those four men sitting before us sweating, making so much effort and going through all that tension and anxiety while we enjoy and applaud the sight. It is nothing short of sadism. I cannot stand it any longer."

Critic Mayer sounds the same to me as the critic of the quartet.

Take faith and authority and order out of the picture and it looks as ridiculous as Mayer paints it—and about as nutty as the professor's view of the quartet. (REV.) MARK HEGENER, O.F.M.

The Other Notre Dame

Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editors: I submit the following facts in partial comment on the March 27 article by Philip M. Kayal concerning Notre Dame College of Staten Island ["The Final Solution for College Unrest"]:

1. The report of the evaluation team from the regional accrediting association *also* observed that the number of contract hours in faculty teaching schedules (9 in the Fall, 3 in the January special studies program, 6 in the Spring) and the average class size of 11.7 were a *luxury* a small (400 students paying $1,300.00 tuition) unendowed college could not afford.

2. If the College had been in the tired phrase used in the article, "a Catholic finishing school," it is interesting to note that in the last decade such institutions as Purdue, Boston College,

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THE ULTIMATE POLLUTION

The nation has experienced its first Earth Day, and it was, as predictable, beautifully bourgeois. Politicians preached, teenagers roller-skated on Fifth Avenue, Girl Scouts in canoes scooped garbage from the Potomac, and across the country universities held teach-ins to warn what man's folly, greed and numbers were doing to the environment. It was all very orderly and pleasant—and if any of it changed markedly many human and ecological values in either the public or private sector, it wasn't such as to dazzle you. Some new anti-pollution bills went into legislative hoppers, a few industrial firms announced nature-conservation programs of minor kinds, and Coca-Cola attacked the problem of solid wastes through ads promoting Coke in returnable bottles. The scene got, as you see, a little heady. But Walter Hickel returned matters to realistic perspective before Earth Day was even over, when he announced Interior Department willingness to issue a right-of-way permit to a consortium of companies to build an 800-mile oil pipeline across Alaska. If there was any wonder where government's heart resided on the ecological issue, that settled it for many. Its heart is with business; it will be with ecology when ecology is as profitable as oil. That may never be.

The betrayal of conservationists on the oil pipeline may yet be headed off, but whether it is or is not, Hickel's announcement and its timing fed every cynical suspicion which existed about government's interest in the ecology question, particularly with respect to ecology's being a convenient channel into which to divert some less agreeable preoccupations and energies of the citizenry. There might be something paranoid about this suspicion, but this is in fact the way events are working out. War, in Senator Alan Cranston's words, remains the "ultimate pollution," but the peace movement has been moved to the fringes of focus, especially among youth. There was some talk on Earth Day of Vietnam, Southeast Asia and the arms industry, but it was vague and muted, and, of course, none of it emanated from the Administration.

Indeed, it was on Earth Day that the Nixon Administration made the unfortunate and perhaps fateful decision to supply rifles captured in South Vietnam to the Cambodian army. It was on Earth Day, too, that the Administration rushed weapons into Trinidad to help save the status quo there. And

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it was the day after Earth Day that Administration officials released its scare story about a Soviet missile submarine patrolling the Atlantic, conceding quite frankly that the release was aimed at influencing Congress on the expansion of the ABM. There was a seeming contemptuousness about it all, but the Administration did not have to worry about those folks causing a fuss, who might have a year ago. They were parading in gauze face masks and rounding-up beer cans and blown tires from the landscape.

There very well may be a ring of bitterness to that comment and it may be unfair to many conscientious and dedicated people, in the generation of youth especially. Yet it is a fact that what was feared has in fact occurred: the anti-war movement has been routed by ecology and the bulk of its constituency has been co-opted. Nothing signalled this development more clearly than the disbanding—almost on the eve of Earth Day—of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, the group which was responsible for so much of the success of last fall's anti-war demonstrations, but which has found the going all downhill since the nation got on the ecology kick. The Committee had run out of money, enthusiasm and enthusiasts.

But the war which brought the Vietnam Moratorium Committee into existence is as real as ever, and spreading, and it is precisely that fact which makes the Committee's demise such a tragedy. The four national coordinators of the Committee have affirmed intention to continue their anti-war activities, but one questions whether without organizational structure the movement will ever be the same again. It had better be, because if it is not, everyone loses—not just the peace community.

In this context, it very well may be that those taking satisfaction in the disbanding of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee may already have lost far more than what they may think they have gained. For whatever the annoyances and irritations of the Moratorium, when all was said and done it did provide lawful avenues for dissent. These avenues closed, at least temporarily, the presumption cannot be made that dissent will be a thing of the past. Not everyone is going to be content to make ecology his bag, and not everyone is going to let his passions burn themselves out within him. Many will search out options, and finding these limited may go in the direction of violence. Recent firebombings at Stanford and of ROTC facilities in several places would seem to indicate that such a trend is in fact with us.

But bombs are not the answer. The employment of one sort of violence as a counter to another will do nothing to save the soul of the country; it could only crush it the more. To be successful in the best sense of that word, protest and resistance must be essentially nonviolent.

This is not to say that the old ways of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee were the best or only means for countering the militarist proclivities of the country (though we would enter a brighter assessment of them than the Committee coordinators are doing at the moment). It is rather to say that the Moratorium Committee had structure, and the new anti-war strategy which everyone agrees is necessary is going to need some organizational basis. This is reason aplenty to regret the passing of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee. Right now there is nothing left but a void in the movement and an Establishment freer than ever to pursue hard policies. Death still has the last laugh.

SHARING THE WEALTH

The disparity between rich and poor parishes, even in the same diocese, has long been a scandal for the church in the United States, and a heartening sign is the growing determination in many parts of the country to do something about this situation. Typical is the recent unveiling in New York of a system that commits the richer areas in the Archdiocese of New York to share with other and less affluent parishes. In New York, as in many other areas, well-to-do parishioners have been moving from the inner city areas to the suburbs, leaving once-prosperous parishes with sharply reduced incomes. Often a complicating factor is the presence of a large parochial school with an increasing number of lay teachers for whom the impoverished parish must somehow find salaries. Last year, for example, the deficit on the New York Archdiocese's education system was $1,200,000, almost exactly six times what it was half a dozen years ago, and the problem can be expected to grow worse, not better.

Under New York's new share-the-wealth plan, each parish's church and school budget will be scrutinized by a diocese-wide committee. After this is done, budget shortages in poor parishes will be assigned to well-to-do parishes able to absorb them—an obvious enough solution, surely, but one long resisted and long overdue. As Cardinal Cooke was quoted, "It is one church we all serve, so there is no reason at all why prosperous parishes cannot come to the aid of the poorer ones." No reason indeed, no reason at all either why New York and other areas should not develop a really meaningful, person-to-person relationship between parishioners of rich areas and those in poor neighborhoods. This is not the easiest task in the world, but it is amply worth the trouble for both sides.

AND WE QUOTE . . .

No matter who the President, or what his party, any journal that criticizes the Chief Executive is inevitably charged with partisan bias. So it has been in our experience, at least; no matter how much we may think that we mete out praise or blame to Presidents as the individual case seems to call for, regardless of political label, there are always some readers who think they detect a

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narrow "party" spirit.

Given this fact, it is worth calling attention to and emphasizing the recent report of the National Commission on Civil Rights, an independent six-man agency chaired by Notre Dame's president, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh. In the Commission's current report, President Nixon's recent policy statement on school desegregation is judged totally inadequate to the problem. Said the Commission:

"The President has made it clear to all that his Administration intends to carry out the Supreme Court's mandate of an immediate end to legally sanctioned dual school systems. Much more, however, is necessary. The problems of racial isolation in the nation's schools cannot be resolved solely through cautious adherence to a narrow construction of existing case law. The Commission fears that the President's statement well may have the net effect, though unintentional, of signaling a major departure from the policy of moving toward integrated schools and that open society of which he spoke of so well in his statement."

The Commission report criticized the President's statement on three important points, making specific suggestions. What is needed most of all, though? According to the Commission, "the continuing example of courageous moral leadership from the President of the United States." Our view exactly, but it's reassuring to read it in the Commission's words.

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NIXON AND THE COURT

IS WARREN G. HARDING REALLY DEAD?

At high noon of March 4, 1921, Warren Gamaliel Harding was sworn in as the 29th President of these United States. Two years and 151 days later—on August 2, 1923, in the city of San Francisco—he died. In between these dates, Harding accomplished little of lasting significance. His initial Congress passed our first immigration quota based on Anglo-Saxon racism. The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was dedicated at Arlington, Va. A Conference on the Limitation of Armaments was held in Washington. And Navy Day was celebrated for the first time (Oct. 27, 1922) as an annual holiday.

Yet in one respect Warren Harding was destined to have an enormous impact upon the nation: in his brief tenure in the White House, he elevated four men to the United States Supreme Court, who would help shape the ideology of our highest tribunal for nearly two decades—long after he himself had passed from the scene. Indeed, it can be plausibly argued that the four Harding appointees to the Supreme Court delayed significant social reform for more than a decade, contributed to the growing *malaise* of a restless people, and indirectly at least helped to catapult the country into the Great Depression.

Ex-President Taft, who was nominated by Harding to be Chief Justice, was certainly the ablest of the four appointees; and while not a reactionary, he seemed to have a preference—like the others—for property rights over human rights. Indeed, on the eve of his appointment to the Court he publicly stated that it was essential to maintain the Court "as a bulwark to enforce the guarantee that no man shall be deprived of his property without due process of law." Many observers interpreted the Taft statement as meaning that the Court should be a bulwark against liberal reform and socialism.

The other three Harding appointees were hardshelled conservatives, whose only claim to distinction was a wholly uncritical attachment to the plutocratic establishment then running the country. George Sutherland (Assoc. J., 1923-38) had been a conservative railroad attorney and a U.S. Senator from Utah before being elevated to the Court. The depth of his conservatism was best illustrated by the opinion he wrote for the Court in *Adkins* v. *Children's Hospital* (1923), in which a District of Columbia Minimum Wage Act was held to be violative of the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment. Illustrating the manner in which "freedom of contract" was used to strike down social legislation, Sutherland's opinion made a strong attack upon all minimum wage laws as economically and socially unwise. He denied that such laws really raised wages, and, in any case, he doubted that higher-paid women "safeguard their morals any more carefully than those who are poorly paid." What is worse, minimum wage laws ignore the rights of the employer, leaving him "the privilege of abandoning his business as an alternative for going on at a loss."

Pierce Butler (Assoc. J., 1923-39), who had also been a railroad corporation attorney, turned out to be one of the most reactionary men ever appointed to the Supreme Court. He became famous in the Depression era as a leading sympathizer with the conservative crescendo of protest against the New Deal's alleged interference with private property rights, and he never recanted his commitment to laissez-faire economics. After his death in 1939, FDR named as his successor Frank Murphy, one of the great liberal justices of the pre-Warren era.

The last of the Harding Court appointees, Edward

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Terry Sanford (Assoc. J., 1923-30), had an impeccable Southern, Republican background, but his service as a federal district judge had been quite undistinguished. He did little during his tenure on the Court to enhance his judicial reputation.

The purpose of the preceding historical observations was to prepare the ground for a political comparison and a prediction. The comparison I wish to make is between Presidents Harding and Nixon and their Administrations. The prediction is that the Nixon Administration will increasingly resemble Harding's, notably in two respects—the exiguousness of real accomplishments and the banality of judicial appointments.

The similarities between the personalities and actions of Harding and Nixon are striking—and chilling. They both had national reputations as affable, opportunistic Republicans. They both were noted for their pleasing appearance (*Time* once said that Nixon just missed being handsome). They both were alumni of the Senate. They both became prophets of a new decade of our political history (1920s and 1970s). They both were swept into power largely because of a distant war and the subsequent complications of peace-making. They both succeeded Southern-born Democrats, though in neither case did they have to defeat their predecessor. They both in effect waged a "back-to-normalcy" campaign, although the Nixon Administration avoided the phrase until Mr. Agnew recently slipped and urged the nation's governors to lead a "march back to normalcy." In their first year in office, they both took a go-slow approach to policy-making and achieved little of any consequence. And, perhaps most significant, they were

White Faces And White Studies

Merton L. Dillon's "White Faces and Black Studies" [Jan. 30] raises some important questions regarding the direction in which black studies in our colleges may be trending. He well expresses the awkwardness present when a professor who happens to be white attempts to teach black history. Students, both black and white, view his efforts with marked skepticism, and the end experience may well be both uncomfortable and depressing, as Professor Dillon's own trial at Ohio State turned out to be.

However, my observations at State University of New York lead me to other conclusions. Admittedly the field of race relations history contains highly volatile ingredients, and my views could change sharply at short notice if I should run into situations different from those I have met so far.

I believe that in the present emotion-laden context, any white professor who attempts to teach black history will probably generate adverse responses. For more than three hundred years white professors took no interest in black history. Textbooks and monographs consistently omitted or underplayed the black contribution to American culture; just as consistently they indulged in presenting negative stereotypes of American citizens who happened to be born black. Now, when through black leadership and initiative, black history becomes current, white faces appear in classrooms all over America, teaching courses in black history. White authors write books on black history and have them produced by white publishers. White speakers give lectures on black themes. Many of these efforts, like Professor Dillon's, are born of genuine desires to do good. Yet I cannot see how any self-conscious black could do other than be cynical and negative about this sudden quickening of scholarly white interest in an area so long neglected. While I believe some whites have and will establish themselves as sincere, dedicated students of black history, all whites who present themselves for assignment in the field deserve the closest sort of scrutiny and one in which skepticism plays the major part.

In my own work I have avoided the problem by avoiding the assignment. I do not teach black history; I teach race relations history. I do not attempt to present the black contribution to American culture, as needed and useful as are courses along these lines. Nor do I attempt to interpret "the black experience in America" or provide insight into some other minority-group perspective which I have not lived and have only a second-hand knowledge of.

I do attempt to present "The White Response to Black Emancipation." My course carries the subtitle "Second Class Citizenship in the U.S. Since Reconstruction." In it I focus upon the central aspects of white majority control of the black minority with emphasis on the political, economic, judicial and social turning points at which attempts to change the caste system in America have been blunted or turned aside.

During the first week of classes, and at any other suitable opportunity, I stress the fact that I am not teaching black history. I advance alternate titles to the course such as "The Means by Which Second-Class Citizenship is Sustained in the US," "White Racism at Work" or simply "The White Problem in America."

Professor Dillon concludes that "The educational goal of courses in Afro-American history . . . [becomes] strictly utilitarian, a highly selective sifting of

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both at once confronted by Supreme Court vacancies, which included the rare opportunity of appointing a new Chief Justice.

By the most objective criteria, Nixon's accomplishments to date have been little more significant than Harding's. He has, with much fanfare, announced the "Nixon Doctrine" for Southeast Asia, which seems to mean as little or as much as one cares to read into it. He has called for a reduction in the decibel level of political rhetoric, while exempting the Vice President from his call. He has implicitly initiated a policy of "benign neglect" of the nation's blacks and urban slum-dwellers. He has done little to advance the cause of law and order, despite campaign promises, except to emit more rhetoric about the issue and to transform the Department of Justice into a kind of super-F.B.I. And it now seems probable that he may be the first President ever to give us both recession and inflation in the same period—something Harding was never quite able to achieve.

"Strict Construction"

Yet, like Harding, in the field of Supreme Court appointments, Nixon has shown himself to be resolute and single-minded, promising over and over to "balance" the Court with more conservatives, Southerners, and "strict constructionists." The latter concept, constantly bandied about by Nixon's entourage, is the purest example of mythic thinking in jurisprudence since the unlamented demise of "dual federalism."

By the Alice-in-wonderland logic of the Nixon camp,

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the past to yield information and to produce attitudes that together will support programs of radical action. This is the 'racial and cultural identity' such courses are expected to help achieve." I do not know this to be a fact; scattered evidence suggests this to be true, at least in a significant percentage of circumstances. Perhaps matters will trend in this direction for some time to come, until the power equation in America comes into better balance largely through the efforts of militant, educated blacks. There are aspects to such trends which I, along with all other "detached," "objective" scholars, deplore and, to an extent, fear.

But, as one scholar at work in one field of American history, I do not intend to become personally involved in these trends if I can avoid them, partly because I feel that I too, like Professor Dillon and other whites, would become frustrated and possibly soured by the experience and also because I believe that I have a contribution to make elsewhere for which I am far better equipped.

If we are to avoid a racial holocaust in America, immense social change must take place very rapidly. Most of this change must take place in the minds of white Americans alive today who presently enjoy numerous benefits from the white racist policies of the past which have become socially institutionalized. White students, not black, need the greatest amount of attention since they are the ones who need to change the most. In this process of attitude-change, I believe that the white professor, like the white leader in any white community, has an indispensably vital role to play.

At one point in his autobiography, Malcolm X recalls telling a white college girl who desperately wants to "do something to improve race relations" that there is nothing that she can do that is meaningful. Later, he comes to feel that whites can do much, but not by joining or "hovering" around black organizations. This salves white consciences, but does nothing to solve America's racist problem. As Malcolm saw it, "Where the really sincere white people have got to do their 'proving' of themselves is not among the black *victims,* but out on the battle lines of where America's racism really *is* . . . among their own fellow whites."

In teaching white students about race relations history in America, the white teacher has a certain advantage over his black colleague. Subconsciously, perhaps, but almost inevitably, most American whites discount, at least in part, all indictments of the American racial equation which are made by blacks. Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, even a relatively bland critic like Martin Luther King, Jr.—all are suspect in varying degrees. A white professor who sets forth, with fearless scholarship, to expose the ugly details of the white problem in America makes a significant contribution.

Thousands of teachers who happen to be white are needed to study the real story of race relations in America and then present it to students at every level of education. The effort calls for massive commitment. It may not be enough, but those who participate in it may take satisfaction in the fact that they will be committing themselves to the greatest social need in America today—re-educating whites of all ages to the stark realities of the exploitative rejection of black humanity which has marred this nation from its very beginnings.

I doubt that they will meet any opposition or hostility from blacks who know only too well where the real changes must take place. SIG SYNNESTVEDT

(Sig Synnestvedt is chairman of the history department at State University College at Brockport, SUNY.)

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Plessy v. *Ferguson,* which added a racial qualification to the 14th Amendment's "equal protection" clause, was strict construction, while *Brown* v. *Topeka,* which extirpated that gratuitous qualification (and finally made our construction color-blind), was a case of loose construction!

Similarly, it is well known that the 6th Amendment unequivocally provides that "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall . . . have the Assistance of Counsel for his defense." Yet apparently Mr. Nixon and Atty. Gen. Mitchell deemed it to be strict construction when the pre-Warren Court added in effect the qualifying phrase, "provided the prosecution involves a capital offense and provided the right of counsel starts on the day of the trial." In any case, when the Warren Court rightfully invalidated this qualification some years ago, they were denounced by right-wingers and conservatives as being unconscionable loose constructionists.

As for the addition of more Southerners to the Court, one could plausibly argue that the South has always had more than its fair share of Court seats, and is at present well represented by Justice Black. Moreover, if geographical balancing must be superimposed upon ideological balancing, why not give consideration to New England, the border states, the Southwest, and the California area (in light of Warren's exit)? And, if ideological and geographical balancing are fine, why not balancing in terms of sex, profession, age, and religion-ethnicity? Obviously, if balancing of the latter sort were adhered to, Mr. Nixon would have had to fill the Fortas seat with another Jew. It is strikingly ironic that Mr. Nixon, who promised to depoliticize and elevate the Court, has done more to politicize it and reduce its stature than any President since Harding.

As of this moment, Mr. Nixon has sent four Supreme Court nominations to the Senate. The three nominees, almost totally unknown until tapped by the presidential wand, have three things in common: experience on the federal bench, a reputation for conservatism and "strict constructionism," and a genius for mediocrity.

The Nixon nominee to succeed Earl Warren as Chief Justice was Warren Burger, who has long been considered a "law and order" man but who is patently inferior in every respect to Harding's Chief Justice. He may well lead a retreat from the Warren Court's "activism," and already appears to be forming an inchoate "conservative" coalition with Harlan, Stewart, and (on occasion) White.

Clement Haynsworth, who was rejected by the Senate, was a good Southern conservative like Justice Sanford, but he had scarcely anything else to commend him. Furthermore, it is to be doubted that he would have grown on the Supreme Court any more than did Sanford.

As for Carswell, also defeated, he appears to be inferior even to Haynsworth. In 1948, as is now known, he revealed himself to be an unblushing white racist, though he recently recanted. It would be interesting to know what Nixon would say if Carswell, at the age of 28, had damned free enterprise and capitalism, to recant his views only when appointed to the Supreme Court. Would the President take the magnanimous view that such ancient rhetoric should be forgotten and total absolution granted? One wonders—and doubts.

Although as little known as the other three, Circuit Court Judge Harry A. Blackmun appears to be a competent if not brilliant legal craftsman. He went to Harvard, has written on medical-legal problems, and is considered an expert on tax law. Still it remains to be seen if he will approach the stature of Holmes or Brandeis.

Yes, there is indeed a close parallel between the Harding and Nixon Administrations, and I predict that this parallel will continue to grow, particularly in the matter of Court appointments. Mr. Nixon, before he leaves the White House, may well appoint more Supreme Court justices than Harding, since Justices Black, Douglas, and Harlan are all old and currently ill. And it is most unlikely that any of his future appointments will rise above the mediocre. Atty. Gen. Mitchell will see to that—unless the Senate persists in its recent determination to demand the highest standards in presidential judicial appointments.

Karl Marx, revising Hegel, wrote in *The Eighteenth Brumaire* that important historic facts and personages occur twice—once as tragedy, and again as farce. We Americans were saddled with Harding in the early 1920s, and by any criterion he and his Administration (though brief) were a national tragedy.

We are now saddled with the Nixon-Agnew team. And if this baroque manifestation of "Neo-Hardingism" (both a detour from our national purpose and a dead end) does not turn out to be another tragedy, it will surely be a farce—and indeed already is. Perhaps in the long run, we shall all have to laugh to keep from crying. Of such ingredients is sick political humor made.

FRANCIS M. WILHOIT

(Francis M. Wilhoit is a member of the political science department at Drake University.)

Algeria, Israel And the Al Fatah

The Palestinian problem is no longer chiefly a struggle between the established Arab states and Israel, but one between an increasingly organized movement of dispossessed Palestinians and those who dispossessed them. To understand this movement it's useful to say a word about Algeria, for the Palestinians are quite explicitly tailoring their fight for nationhood upon that of the Algerians.

Algeria had never been a sovereign national unit prior

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to the French conquest in 1830. Its population was made up of tribes owing nominal allegiance to the Turkish empire, but real allegiance only to their tribal chiefs. Algeria was simply a stretch of land in the Maghreb ("the Western territories"), without national leadership or organization. On the other hand, each tribe was deeply, jealously, attached to its land, which was owned not by individuals but by the group. When the French began seizing land (in some cases "buying" it from unscrupulous tribal leaders who did not in any legal sense own it) and pushing the tribes toward the mountains, resistance was fierce and at various times pan-tribal.

Did the Algerians consider themselves a nation? Not in the Western sense. It was the French who gave Algeria its precise frontiers and who, by dispossessing and exploiting the natives, gave them a sense of their common, pan-tribal identity. But as late as 1960 high French officials could claim that the Algerian rebellion would never meet with success because there was no such thing as an Algerian nation.

The case of Palestine resembles that of Algeria in essential ways, although the British "conquest" of Palestine took place only after World War I and was sanctioned by the League of Nations. Though the British did not colonize Palestine themselves, they made it possible for the Zionists to do so more easily. They enabled the Zionists to obtain land "legally" according to British law. (Of course the Palestinians themselves were not convinced that British law was "legal," since it was imposed on them by the French, British, and Russians.) And as is well known, the Palestinians lost their own land in 1947-8 when they fled eastward, in fear of both Israeli terrorism and the clashing Arab and Israeli armies. Whether the Israelis tried systematically to chase the Palestinians from their homes need not concern us here; there is good evidence on both sides. The fact is that after the war the Palestinians were not allowed back.

It is this loss of their land, as in the case of the Algerians, that has made the Palestinians aware of their identity as a particular people in the Arab world. And as the Algerians did, the Palestinians have gradually come to accept the leadership of the *fedayeen* ("those who sacrifice themselves"), who since January, 1965 have been engaged in armed struggle.

Those who would wish to insure the continued existence of the state of Israel must come to grips, and quickly, with the *fact* of Palestinian nationalism. In this regard the position of Arie Eliav, interim Secretary General of the ruling Labor Party, is extremely significant. In January of this year he made known his view that the creation of a Palestinian state next to Israel would be desirable. And the day after the Swissair bombing he repeated, to the consternation of many Israelis, that Israel would one day have to make peace with a Palestinian nation. The fact that a party official made such statements shows that Mrs. Meir's position—that no Palestinian people exists—is not undisputed within the leadership. One would hope that for Israel's sake the fiction that direct negotiations with the present Arab states can bring peace will be rapidly dispelled. As former Israeli Minister of Police Eliahu Sasson wrote in the influential daily *Haaretz* last November, "The Palestinians must be recognized as partners in the coming negotiations. . . . No peace treaty signed without their accord could last."

Up to now the chief *fedayeen* group, Al Fatah, has rejected the idea of compromise with Israel, insisting on the replacement of the officially Jewish state by a non-sectarian one open to Christians, Jews and Moslems. But it is important to note that Al Fatah, like the Algerian F.L.N., is a *front*—a grouping of individuals of all political stripes and social classes. Its positions may turn out to be more fluid than they presently appear. What holds Al Fatah together is the desire for Palestinian territory. If the Israelis, following Eliav's lead, can come to grasp the reality of Palestinian nationalism, it is not completely impossible that a segment of Al Fatah could be influenced to compromise on the question of the existence of a Jewish state.

But the present leadership of Al Fatah is certainly not leaning in that direction. Yasser Arafat, who also heads the parent Palestine Liberation Organization (a member of the Arab League since 1964), is particularly close to the Algerian leaders, who are perhaps the least compromising of all Arabs toward Israel. Arafat pays frequent visits to the former Algerian guerrillas and to the training base they have established for the Palestinian *fedayeen* in the coastal hills west of Algiers. There the commandos are gaining especially valuable experience in methods of penetrating "impenetrable" barriers—like the one constructed by the French along the Tunisian border in the late 1950's and the one completed last year by the Israelis along the Jordan River. Through the use of bangalores and other sophisticated equipment perfected by the Algerians, Al Fatah hopes to resume its armed incursions across the Jordan. For the moment the commandos are primarily engaged in firing at Israeli patrols on the western side of the border, and in launching mortar and rocket fire at Israeli installations.

The Palestinian resistance is still in its infancy and its long-term strength is unpredictable. But truly nationalist movements have a way of flourishing these days. And like the Algerians, the Palestinians have the advantages of direct access to sanctuaries, plentiful supplies, and abundant manpower. Above all they appear to have the *élan* which is the main requisite of success. "We'll fight for decades if we must," Yasser Arafat said in a recent interview. "We have nothing to lose but our tents."

RICHARD W. FOX

(Richard W. Fox, a previous contributor, is an American teacher and writer now in the Mid-East.)

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Clancy Sigal

LOOKING BACK WITHOUT ANGER

WHATEVER BECAME OF THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN?

"What's the name of the Royal Court's new play?"
"Look Back in Anger."
"Who's the author?"
"John Osborne."
"What's he like?"
"Don't know, I presume he's a very angry young man."
—Conversation in 1956 between George Fearon, Royal Court theater's press representative, and a journalist. As reported by Kenneth Tynan.

Not even John Osborne's mocking "AYM 1" license-plate could completely kill the journalistic fantasy started by a PR man's off-the-cuff remark in that long-ago time just before *Look Back in Anger* shook the English cultural establishment. In 1957, when I came to London, "angry" included almost every writer in Britain under 40, with Free Cinema's Lindsay and Anderson and Karel Reisz, artist Eduardo Paolozzi and art critic John Berger thrown in for good measure.

Anyone who'd helped stage *Look Back* (director Tony Richardson) or was connected with the Royal Court's "overnight revolution" (playwrights Ann Jellicoe, John Arden) was "angry." Critic Ken Tynan, whose review ("I doubt if I could love anyone who did not wish to see *Look Back in Anger*") became almost as famous as Jimmy Porter's tirades, was—angry. As was anyone in Tom Maschler's essay-book "Declaration" (Doris Lessing, Bill Hopkins, Stuart Holroyd, Colin Wilson).

John Wain, John Braine and Alan Sillitoe came in because they were "provincial" or "working class." Jewish *and* working class, Arnold Wesker and Bernard Kops were naturals. And on a bad news day Brendan Behan and Shelagh Delaney (sometimes J. P. Donleavy because he was 'Irish') were recruited from Joan Littlewood's Theater Workshop in Stratford East.

As Charles Marowitz says, "It was a vague left-wing feeling in the air. Anyone with any axe to grind got lumped together." It seemed that you had to be either Noel Coward or Harold Macmillan in those days not to be called "angry" by an English journalist.

It starts, of course, from something real: that brilliant night 8 May 1956 when Kenneth Haigh, Alan Bates and Mary Ure opened in an unknown play by an obscure £12-a-week actor who had answered the new English Stage Company's ad for unperformed work. Nothing was the same after that.

Although Thomas Hinde (*Mr. Nicholas*), John Wain (*Hurry on Down*) and John Braine (*Room at the Top*) were saying something new in the novel, the rest of British culture seemed stuck in the horrible coziness of the first years of Harold (Wondermac) Macmillan's Tory rule. Anything left-wing or compassionate was sneered at. British film's pride was *A Night to Remember, A Miracle in Soho* and Norman Wisdom.

Theater, a tourist's delight with Rattigan, N. C. Hunter and Enid Bagnold, seemed especially unresponsive to the boredom people felt with the status quo (including the Cold War). Critics exhorted Christopher Fry to save the theater with verse drama, while John Whiting got an Arts Council award over public protest. A silence lay over theater, the universities and politics.

Then, suddenly, Jimmy Porter's rasp cut through the fog: "There aren't any good, brave causes left. If the big bang does come . . ."

It wasn't political by today's standard. And Jimmy hardly qualifies as a moral hero. But John Osborne's compelling blend of Edwardian nostalgia and discontent with his contemporary England—above all, its tawdriness—touched a nerve. Treated patronizingly by most critics (not Tynan), *Look Back* quickly came off—but

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then was revived for ten weeks in early autumn '56, coinciding with Budapest and Suez.

Suez shattered the hope that Britain had shed imperialism. A great upsurge of middle-class protest, joined by the released energies of the post-Hungarian ex-Communist left, produced *Universities & Left Review,* Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and a large audience of especially young people eager to hear Osborne's song. We marched 150,000-strong up Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, applauded Olivier in *The Entertainer* and half-believed our guitars and songs would bring down the British establishment (no longer called "the ruling class") or at least force it to throw its Bomb into the sea. Wesker, Sillitoe and others went to jail behind Bertrand Russell, and hardly a week went by without a BBC play about a nuclear disarmer's troubled relations with his Tory father. It seemed we'd made a left establishment.

If Jimmy Porter said what people were waiting to hear—World War II was over, the class system was stupid and cruel, Colonel Blimp had his virtues—the press and TV heard too. "Anger" became fashionable. Many different talents saying different and often mutually exclusive things were put in the same pigeonholes. (No matter that Doris Lessing and Colin Wilson were political opposites, that Amis and Wain symbolized different decades.)

Slowly, as the tide receded, the "angry" artists began to disperse—but not disappear. The English instinct for privacy once more filled the political vacuum, and friends who'd met on committee stopped seeing so much of each other. They left behind their works and a living theater ready for Rudkin, Livings, Orton and Mercer. It became sensible to write for the stage again.

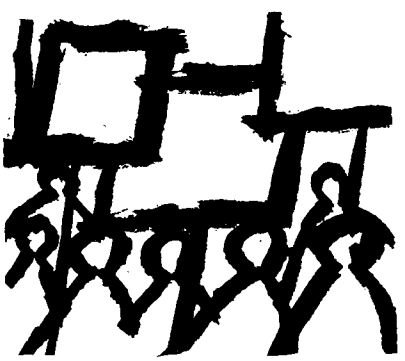
When left-wing politics in Britain collapsed around the Cuba missiles crisis—although we'd had a premoni-

JOHN OSBORNE: Working on his thirteenth stage play, and film scripts. No 'school of Osborne' drama. In a recent interview said, "I still tend to see treachery everywhere. I still feel that life is basically painful. You think a time will come when it doesn't hurt any longer. But it does. People are increasingly settling for less and less out of life." Was never actively political, doesn't join committees.

KEN TYNAN: Literary Manager, National Theater. Preparing *Oh! Calcutta!* for English production, writing book on theater. Great battle was to induce National Theater to put on Hochhuth's *Soldiers*; the Churchill legend was too strong and he failed. Brechtian Marxist, sometime marcher.

KINGSLEY AMIS: From a red-brick, roughneck jazz addict ("Lucky Jim"), has evolved into right-wing Mozart-loving mandarin. After early books, escaped Swansea to Cambridge, thence marriage to author Elizabeth Jane Howard and gracious country house. Bestseller (*The Green Man, Book of Bond*), occasional well-paid journalism. Fiercely anti-Communist, pro-U.S. in Vietnam. Meets for regular lunches at Bertorelli's restaurant with Bernard Levin and Robert Conquest to defend western civilization from commie hordes. Sees "lefties" everywhere. Film of *Take a Girl Like You*, directed by Jonathan Miller, soon to be released.

LINDSAY ANDERSON: Ex-*Sight and Sound* radical film critic, Free Cinema propagandist (*Every Day Except Christmas, Oh Dreamland, If*). Was at Oxford with Tony Richardson, Ken Tynan, John (*Midnight Cowboy*) Schlesinger, *New Statesman*'s Paul Johnson and BBC-TV's two top interviewers, Derek Hart and Robin Day — the postwar "golden-boys." Came into left-wing activity from



upper-class. Directed David Storey's *This Sporting Life* with Richard Harris, currently staging Storey's new play *The Contractor,* may film it. Reputation for absolute integrity in work, though does occasional TV commercial.

JOHN BRAINE: Bestseller, with *Room* and *Life at the Top, Vodi*, etc. Famous for interviews and letters-to-the-editor confessing dark left-wing CND past, sobbingly embracing Conservative virtues. Now sees Ban-the-Bomb marches for what they were: original sin.

SHELAGH DELANEY: After *Taste of Honey* and *A Lion in Love*, took time out to have a baby. Did script for *Charley Bubbles.*

BERNARD KOPS: Self-taught ex-barrow boy. After lean years, now makes enough money to support his family (three daughters). Autobiographical *The World is a Wedding*, novels *By the Waters of Whitechapel, Descent of Dominic Shapiro, Yes from No Man's Land.* Finishing new novel, *Passionate Past of Gloria Gay.* Successful play in France with Laurent Terzieff, *David It is Getting Dark.* Play *Enter Solly Gold* at Mermaid Theater, London. Has always, even in toughest days, refused to do hack work.

DORIS LESSING: Ex-Rhodesian ex-Communist. Was furious to be bracketed as "angry" with people like Colin Wilson. Still left-wing but Sufi-mystic. In latest of Martha Quest series, *The Four-Gated City*—one of *Time* maga-

(Continued on next page)

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tion with Nye Bevan's speech insisting a socialist Foreign Minister needed nuclear bombs—professionalism took over. Osborne brought Jimmy Porter and Alison into a fourth act in *Under Plain Cover,* in a mad marriage of knicker fetishes and insane respectability, with its companion-play *Blood of the Bambergs* almost a paean to rightful royalty. The heady days of CND marches in the late '50s began to seem a little embarrassing.

Inadmissible Evidence (1964) consolidated, perhaps rescued, Osborne's reputation. It's not that the world is too much with Bill Maitland, the lawyer-hero, as he's losing touch with it. So we step, with Osborne, into Mercer- and Stoppard-land. The world is broken up, fragmented, "alienated"; communication (as in Pinter) almost impossible. And with *Time Present* and *Hotel in Amsterdam,* Osborne's latest, we're back to basics: his prejudices, bile, nostalgia and fury with . . . the fashionable Left.

While the battle was on, political differences mattered less. Ex-Communists and anti-Communists, Tory anarchists and CND liberals and apoliticals marched under the same Ban-the-Bomb banner. In the Vietnam '70s, with Behan and Whiting dead, Wesker's Centre 42 an unrealized dream, and the great moral push hardened down to "issue-oriented" campaigns (anti-apartheid, Greek resistance, community action), Jimmy Porter's author is alive and well and writing in the country with a new wife, his leading lady Jill Bennett.

This Easter less than 1000 came to CND's annual 'Aldermaston' pilgrimage at Trafalgar Square. I didn't see any of the famous old marchers. They may have been home working.

CLANCY SIGAL, *the author of* Going Away, *is presently living and writing in England.*

(Continued from previous page)

zine's 10 most important books of the '60s—Martha presides over the destruction of the world.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE: CND's poet-laureate. Has remained consistently anti-Establishment, his record "Redbird" reputedly influenced Beatles. Translated Books, 16, 19 and 21 of the *Iliad*, now working on Books 17, 18 and 22. Latest book of poetry *New Numbers* to be published by Knopf May '70.

JOAN LITTLEWOOD: Antedates most "angries" by years of England-prowling to build theaters, find original plays, develop actors. Became commercially successful with Behan's *The Hostage* and *Oh What A Lovely War*, etc. English theater's preeminent professional. Even tried doctoring a Lionel Bart West End musical. Had a hard time finding money in England for her collective-style, often improvised productions, now travels the Third World, does popular open air-theater in Hammamet, Tunisia.

KAREL REISZ: Free Cinema Worker (*The Lambeth Boys*), directed *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, Morgan* and *Isadora.* Produced *This Sporting Life.* Also, like Anderson, does TV commercials.

TONY RICHARDSON: Was assistant to George Devine, artistic director of Royal Court, when Osborne's first play came "through the transom"; directed it. Free Cinema (*Momma Don't Allow* with Anderson), commuted between stage work and films after Osborne's success. Directed Sillitoe's *Loneliness of a Long Distance Runner,* Delaney's *Taste of Honey.* Constantly works, never stops. *Tom Jones, Charge of the Light Brigade,* stage and film versions of Nicol Williamson in *Hamlet.* Also one or two Hollywood-style stinkers. Current *Ned Kelly* in Australia with Mick Jagger. Has probably stopped marching.

ALAN SILLITOE: Tagged 'northern working-class,' his *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*—one of the best books in the past 20 years in England—got a slow, mixed reception. He picked up with *Loneliness of a Long Distance Runner*, and the success of Reisz's film (scripted by Sillitoe) of *Saturday Night.* Since, he's churned out a string of novels—*Key to the Door, The Ragman's Daughter, Death of William Posters*—short stories (*Guzman Goes Home*) and a translation of Lope de Vega's *All Citizens Are Soldiers* with his poet wife, Ruth Fainlight. A new picaresque novel, *A Start in Life*, comes out in England in September, and he's three-quarters through another novel. Although he spent a day in jail in 1961 over Berlin, Sillitoe has never joined anything. ("I was too busy writing.") Lives in London, countryside, Spain, France, Morocco.

JOHN WAIN: His novel, *Hurry on Down*, first and best of the 'provincial awakening.' Has lived as free-lance writer past decade. Novels *A Traveling Woman, Young Visitors, Strike the Father Dead, The Smaller Sky* about a man taking refuge in Paddington Station. Also two collections of short stories, poetry, criticism (*Living World of Shakespeare*), a two-part autobiography *Sprightly Running* and a long poem *Wild Track.* Lives in a village outside Oxford, three boys, sometimes lectures abroad.

ARNOLD WESKER: Big recent success in Stockholm with his new play, *The Friends*, a lament for lost socialist hopes, coming to London soon. After Centre 42, his dream-child, faded, he "retreated" into full-time writing and directing. Did *Four Seasons* in Cuba. Is internationally-recognized classic—*Chicken Soup with Barley, Roots, Chips With Everything*, etc.—but has difficulty getting his plays on in England on condition he direct. Staunch left-winger, disapproves hysterical student left. CLANCY SIGAL

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The examined lives

THE FIEDLER ON THE WOOLF

SAUL MALOFF

Gradually, as Leonard Woolf's autobiography came out volume after volume over the past decade, the impression grew that it was not merely a fine series of memoirs but a major example of its genre. One resisted the clear evidence even as it accumulated stage by stage; and even though one knew, uneasily, the reason for the resistance: this was the "wrong" Woolf, and therefore a kind of pale impostor. In this country, certainly, his reputation was that of a husband, as if he had no separate existence. Of course he had—a longstanding and distinguished one, but of the sort that leads to a career of dignified obscurity and a respectful lapse of memory on the part of those who react vaguely to the name. In fact, had the great novelist never entered his private life, one imagines Woolf's public life would have unfolded quite as it did—as publisher of the Hogarth Press; as an original member of the Bloomsbury group; as a literary editor and man of letters; a political writer and Labor Party advisor and Fabian theoretician; even as a (minor) novelist. But however impressive the achievements, they don't cross the Atlantic readily. For American visibility, Woolf needed the glitter of his wife's reputation.

Until the autobiography. As early as the first two volumes *Sowing* and *Growing*—before, that is, the marriage to Virginia Stephen—there was no mistaking the authority and rightness of his voice or the magnitude of the subject. The subject, naturally, was the vicissitudes of a career and a sensibility at a particular time and place. Unlike some of the celebrated autobiographies (say Mill's or Gosse's or Rousseau's), the evolution of sensibility in Woolf's is not itself the issue. The completed self is there from the beginning, taken for granted, as his intelligence is: intelligence and sensibility are the qualities he writes out of, the sources of his authority; they inform the style, the things seen by it and the depth at which they are seen. He is the least florid of writers, virtually styleless, in the sense in which that term is commonly misunderstood; just as there is in his work a virtual repression of personality in the usual sense.

Woolf's virtues, in short, like Russell's (though he seldom commands the latter's marvelous elegance and craft), are the great and disappearing ones of the age he came out of rather than that which he came to maturity in: clarity of character and mind, economy and candor, a total inner integrity.

Even the turning-points in his life—for example, his decision to leave the imperial civil service or his wife's sickness—are treated, not with detachment, of course, but with a high objectivity and lucidity that may seem to the unwary or the emotionally flamboyant closer to nervelessness. Tone and manner are steadily downright. Imperialism, however "rational" and "benevolent," is wrong and corrupts both parties to it; and once this is decided by the actual day-to-day transactions in the field (in his case Ceylon), a man must leave the service; once having done this, he thereupon accepts the moral and intellectual consequences of his act. Virginia is desperately sick; what in others' hands might have become grand opera, he treats with superb restraint: the pain is felt by rather than apparent to the reader. What else, after all, was there to do once everything possible had been done?

The Journey Not the Arrival Matters (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), the fifth and final volume, which Woolf completed not long before his death last year, takes part of its tone from the title: there will be no further volumes. After this, there will be nothing further to say; nor time to say it. Yet not even the wariest ear can detect the smallest note of self-pity, of valedictory or elegy. Nor is this volume, in any solemn or sepulchral sense, "meditative" (though his mentor Montaigne is invoked, and not only in the title); a final reckoning. Reflections are not of the misty, cosmic sort; they revolve about history, politics, society. His life, after all, had been a majestically long one; in its nine-decade sweep, profound historical changes had altered his world beyond recognition. They impart to the volume a pervasive tone of desolation—an awful, mounting sense that a glorious past, the Renaissance itself, had ended in 1914; a sense that in his time the possibility of reason itself had been deluged by "barbarism," an incurable societal malaise of which the universal slaughter of two world wars, countless smaller ones, the Holocaust and the Bomb are only the visible manifestations, and for which his wife's suicide and their bomb-gutted London house come to seem emblems.

Emblematic not in any "literary" sense. The volume is entirely free of artifice or contrivance, device or duplicity. Woolf's voice, like Russell's, furnishes the necessary evidence for the rationality, decency, civility we associate

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with "Bloomsbury." Just as he seems in the plain speech of his prose entirely incapable of deceit, so is he also incapable of self-deception. If the "final reckoning" of the curtain speech is not his meat, he is nonetheless obsessed with reckoning—stating the things that remain when everything else is gone, and leaving a clear account of his coming and going without a trace of mystification. Multiplying his usual work-day by all his days of work, he even comes up with an account of total hours devoted to his life's work, and concludes far too bleakly that there's little enough to show for it—an honorable but by no means brilliant life. His assessment is disconcertingly clear-eyed, but only by his own harsh standards: so many good books published; some books which may have been worth writing; tremendous efforts expended on politics to the end that the League of Nations (the League of Nations, for God's sake!) may have been brought a sliver closer to existence. Above all, the reasonable, cantankerous voice of the autobiography—the "I" it projects, the self it portrays—is stripped of all illusions.

No Sophoclean postures are struck; no grandiloquent assertions are made about the nature of life. Instead, this final volume is marked by an almost eerie absence of anything resembling the dense scene of people and events that distinguished the earlier volumes—as if nearly everything important was gone and everything else not absolutely necessary had been dispensed with. What was left was a life to assess and complete; some consolations of age—his garden, animals, a few friends and some sentimental journeys—one to Israel, another to Ceylon, the latter for the purpose of revisiting the scenes he had known in his youth, as if to complete a circle. If other people and events crowded his last years, there is no mention of them; one is forced to conclude that if they existed, they did not invade and occupy his imagination; in the final weighing, they had no weight.

In this sense, the fifth volume, though it in no way reveals the slightest diminution of intellectual powers or loss of stylistic control, is by far the "thinnest" of the series—the opposite of the rich representation of the world that one might expect from a man of affairs who stood within listening distance of the center of several worlds. Its true distinction lies precisely in that unfaltering control of voice we can only call humane, decent, liberal (in the moral rather than the political sense)—in a word, the key word of Bloomsbury: civilized. This kind of control, in autobiography, comes out of a complete unillusioned sense of the self, a triumph of perspective—a just placement of the self in a scheme of things justly apprehended; and of autobiography, as of life, we can scarcely ask for more.

Leslie Fiedler, throughout his career, has as often as not written literary and cultural criticism in a quasi-autobiographical vein; now, in *Being Busted* (Stein and Day, $5.95), in response to inner pressure generated by his famous pot bust of several years ago, he takes to a form of autobiography outright. But first to dispose of the less interesting issue, the bust itself. There can be no question that Fiedler and his family were the victims of a clumsy, vindictive, malicious police frame-up, fully furnished with a pitiful little spy in the form of a badly messed-up teenage girl who had been befriended by Fiedler's wife and daughter and repaid them by planting in their house both electronic listening devices and the soft goods. Why the cops wanted to get Fiedler can be readily imagined: not only is he a loudmouth intellectual, "controversial" figure and general gadfly—which for cops is reason enough; he was faculty advisor to LEMAR (i.e. Legalize Marijuana)—which for cops is more than enough reason. In any event, they were out to get him and they got him.

With formidable consequences. The Rector of the University of Amsterdam, where Fiedler was to be a Fulbright Lecturer, thought that in the circumstances etc. Nothing personal, of course. Much admiration for. Our loss. The insurance on his Buffalo home was canceled and he found he was untouchable, uninsurable. For heaven's sake, the local dealer wouldn't even sell him a car!—so now we can no longer say that capitalism always places profits before principles. And the final incredible indignity: Diner's Club turned down his application for membership—not that Fiedler wanted in; he was just curious about how thorough the underground is once a man is marked.

Under the aspect of eternity, this can be seen as low farce; but we live along with Fiedler in the here and now where this is no joke, so we hope that he beats the rap black and blue and in so doing helps expunge from the vast black book by which our affairs are ordered some of its more idiotic provisions.

The Fight's Fixed

But there one's fellow-feeling all but ends. In an attempt to make a book of an episode, Fiedler casts about for an enabling perspective—and finds it in the history of what he fancies to be his lifelong struggles against Authority, the System, from his days as a boy-radical in the 1930's through various contretemps with the academic bureaucracy, in Montana and elsewhere, to his present predicament. The fatal flaw lies in the speaking voice—the clamorous, haranguing, insistent, complacent, self-delighted voice; and in the dramatic conception of the life in the book: the heroic Self vs. the brute stupidity and malice of the social order.

But it is no contest because the fight has been fixed: Fiedler may be battered a bit yet he must emerge victorious in the end, and not only none the worse for wear but all the better for it. In this rigged moral match, he is always in the right—even when the nature of the issues and justness of the outcome are far from all that clear to

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the rest of us. When Fiedler sets out to topple a university president, my heart goes out to him, but only because of my ancient conviction (as much a thing of the blood as of the mind) that all presidents are rotten ripe for toppling, and when they are downed there is much mirth in heaven. Yet apart from the fact that this president, like his brothers everywhere, was a martinet and a charlatan, Fiedler doesn't really bother to define the issues sharply and fully so that we too may participate a little in the judgment—as if our unquestioning allegiance to the protagonist pre-determined our judgment.

In this spirit, Fiedler apparently also believes that his judgment in the Rosenberg and Hiss cases are monuments to eternity. Yet I, for one, was fairly repelled by them when they first appeared in his essays of the time; and I've undergone no change of heart since. Fiedler writes as if the Rosenbergs and Hiss were guilty of the singularly repugnant crime of failing to keep faith with *his* fantasies of true heroism and defiance. Some quirk of vision or character often—even typically—intervenes between Fiedler and external circumstance, with a consequent loss of perspective and scale in the interest, presumably, of a heightened vividness which closely resembles self-promotion.

Examples of this rattle on virtually every page; a few will have to suffice. Thus Fiedler can express astonishment, after all these years of meditating upon the mystery, that an off-campus audience of Montana crackers, during the darkest days of the '50s, should have been so benighted as to have thought "they approved of" his "attitude toward 'Reds'," whereas in fact they as little understood him as those who disapproved. So subtle, paradoxical, ironic, complex is he before general audiences that he must repeatedly protest that that is not what he meant at all—as if a veteran teacher does not know (this, indeed, is the veteran teacher's tragic knowledge!) that an audience stops listening once the bald assertion has been placed before them, all the while the too-clever-by-half lecturer goes on making invisibly nice distinctions and qualifications before an admiring audience of himself. (Fiedler is, of course, a subtle, imaginative, immensely suggestive critic, as anyone who had read his *Love and Death in the American Novel* knows. I find him valuable when he's wild, wildness being a necessary risk in criticism where ideas and fantasies commingle and assume a dream-logic that can penetrate the most unyielding thickets.) Even where one's sympathies most reach out to Fiedler, as in the pot bust, one recoils at the spectacle of his interminable, vengeful savaging of the sick child who was the wretched instrument of the cops, as if *she* were the Great Beast incarnate.

Meditating on hubris and other fatal flaws, not long after remarking caustically the "stupidity of the overclever," Leonard Woolf pauses to reflect upon the tendency of people to "create around themselves a kind of magnetic field," by which "everything within and without myself acquires a curious and strong quality or aura of me myself," so that everything in the world, when it enters the "magnetic field which my ego and egocentricity have developed about me, acquire[s] a meaning and value peculiar to myself." Applied judiciously to the two books at hand, this might be taken as the determining principle by virtue of which Woolf's stands and Fiedler's falls.

FOR ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT

THE SCREEN

To those of us in the coven of film critics who plead guilty to the charge of "aesthete!"—who prate on about the Sacred Space between the eyes of the viewer and the pores of the screen, who find the State of the Art as important a discussion topic as the State of the Union, who wax ecstatic over cinematic complexity and coherence and wane apoplectic over just how plastic Plastic Material has become lately—to the film formalists in our midst, *Woodstock* (the movie) offers an insurmountable challenge. Try as we may to place this important and amiable film experience in the context of the history of the art, one simple fact remains: If you like the white, late-60s brand of rock-and-roll and the wide substratum of young people to whom it appeals, you'll like the movie. If you don't, you won't.

Thus, any sensible review of *Woodstock* is bound to look more appropriate in the pages of *Rolling Stone* than in *Cahiers du Cinéma.* And this, despite all the indications that Michael Wadleigh (who, when he worked in the Maysles Brothers' documentary film unit, spelled his name Wadley) toiled, spectacularly and half-heartedly, to fuse some new kind of film form—rockumentary?—that would blend sociology with music appreciation, audience with performer, artifact with artwork, *Don't Look Back* with *Yellow Submarine,* the Six O'Clock News with a psychedelic celebration, the fortuitous with the contrived. For this to work (coherently, not alternately), you have to believe in the newsmagazine myth of rock stars as repositories of mass adulation and exponents of abnormal psychology, and not as musicians whose interest lies in their work and not in What They Tell Us About Our Young—ominous pause—and Ourselves. Well, bumble puppy! the formalist in me shouts: Pop Sociology is the last refuge of a free-lance writer with a fat advance and an early deadline.

Woodstock is a documentary film (superbly made for the most part, and photographed in a color that takes the grit out of documentary nitty-gritty, at least for the traditionalists who tend to think of "real" films in black-

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and-white terms) whose subject is rock-and-roll music, its players and enthusiasts; within its form the movie often makes use of techniques associated with experimental films, light shows and TV commercials. It is most successful when these techniques help simulate the experience of attending a contemporary rock concert. For example, Alvin Lee, the miraculous guitarist who leads the group Ten Years After, is utterly spellbinding as he creates a ten-minute *homage* to that mid-50s convention of rock-and-roll, the 24-bar break, occupying a navy-blue triptych on a black background designed by Wadleigh and the Woodstock lighting crew. But he is just as effective to a resident of the Fillmore East balcony, who can barely discern four figures on a distant, inky landscape. The remarkable Joe Cocker, whose waltz-dirge-dervish version of *With a Little Help from My Friends* elevated me to a realm of primal ecstacy (it's not quite as mystique-laden as it sounds: I simply forgot that I was representing a serious journal of opinion, tapped my feet, sang out loud, and was happy), needed no multiple exposures or witty editing. The music is the important thing. In a live rock concert, the performer is often no more than a blue flame that holds the visual attention while the mind and spirit soar with the music. And ultimately (the formalist exults), *Woodstock* is valuable, like any other composed film, because of what the artists have expressed in it. The language *Woodstock*'s artists speak is music. Wadleigh's job, of translating and illustrating it (while putting it into a milieu that justifies it for the sociologists and the movie moguls), is first-rate largely because it is secondary. He has done his thing well by letting the musicians do theirs beautifully.

In a way, even the socially meaningful part of *Woodstock*—the crowd scenes—is artistically meaningful, if you look at the hippie freaks and keen teens as yet another set of performers, who are working to the camera instead of to the audience. *Cinéma-vérité* is a film form as easily seduced by the power of personality as any fiction film form, and the Woodstock communicants are exhibitionists one and all, from the self-congratulatory entrepreneurs to the girls at the Psychiatric Check-Out Counter. (A pleasant exception is the bald middle-American washing out the portable toilets: he has a son at the festival and another boy in Vietnam and, he says, God bless them both.) You wind up choosing favorites on the basis of charm, wit, poise and conviction, just the way you choose, say, Cary Grant over Fredric March, or Lady Bird Johnson over Martha Mitchell.

But, of course (says the humanist critic, who has a few profundities waiting in the wings), Woodstock was more than an eighty-hour rock concert, more than a gallery of amateur superstars. It was a unique social event, a benign breathing space—one good clean breath long—between the carnage of Chicago (a gift from the older generation) and the atrocities of Altamont (which acted as the movement's sloppy *harakiri*). Chicago convinced

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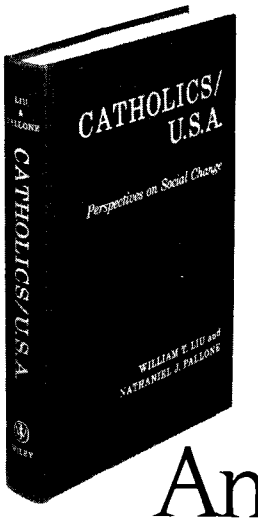
the young of their parents' brutality; the Rolling Stones' free concert, at which one person was killed and scores were injured, convinced a lot of bruised kids of the validity of Kierkegaard's Law: that a thousand good individuals can be turned into an evil crowd by the fascistic force of mob psychology. Albert Goldman has compared Mick Jagger to Hitler, in his power and appeal, and others have suggested that the conformist nonconformity of the young is the ideal breeding ground for demagoguery, whether Beatle-gentle or Black Panther-fierce. Only eight months after the fact, Woodstock (the movie and the experience) seems as remote and innocent as *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, or the Kennedy years. *Woodstock* is almost the rock musical version of Leni Riefenstahl's documentary classic, *Olympia,* a naive, poignant testimony to man's occasional quest for a peaceful alternative to the sport of war. The film the Maysles Brothers are making about Altamont may well turn out to be an American adaptation of Riefenstahl's other classic, the Nazi rally film, *Triumph of the Will.* RICHARD CORLISS

THE LITTLE SHEPARD

THE STAGE

Operation Sidewinder would be a great deal easier to talk about if I could dismiss it, as some reviewers did, as the self-indulgence of a precocious child or if I could celebrate it as a shattering statement about contemporary America. I can do neither. Sam Shepard has fascinated me ever since I first picked up a copy of *Five Plays*. He has a bizarre theatrical imagination, an ability to create workable dramatic turns which preclude any desire to dismiss him. Yet his plays seem designed to forestall any cumulative effect. His early one-acters—including the admirable *Red Cross*—are uneasy combinations of images —verbal and visual—but even after plot invaded his work, in *Melodrama Play* (1966), his plays remained saltatory, effective bits popping in for quick bows without the traditional justifications of story, character or theme. At *Operation Sidewinder,* predictably, I was amused, intrigued, interested, occasionally bored, infrequently annoyed, but never shattered.

The virtues of the early plays, the set pieces like the skiing monologue and the swimming lesson in *Red Cross,* are reflected, dimly, in *Operation Sidewinder.* The dog-breeding discussion between the two drunken Air Force officers, a parody of a barracks bull-session about sex, is a good example, and so is the drive-in restaurant scene in which a pink-white carhop weaves a web of revolutionary rhetoric around the uninterested black militants who, at that moment at least, want only a shake and a



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sandwich. For the most part, however, the play goes for less verbal effects, violent scenes like the garage vignette in which the Young Man (the protagonist? the hero?) shoots two men, and pure mechanical effects, revolving stages full of machines that perform (the computer snake) or simply stand there declaring themselves (the militants' car). Despite the character turns, the melodramatic bits, the prop man's delights, the point of reference for *Operation Sidewinder* is not the theater, but the comic book. Even the colors—sets, costumes, lights—garishly suggest that this is true. The grotesque plot—the escaped computer, the plan to turn on the Air Force, the holocaust finish—might have come from any of the standard superhuman scifi comics, although the immediate source of the plan to doctor the water supply is obviously the Abbie Hoffman show in Chicago. Since strands of plot are introduced only to be forgotten, or to be temporarily laid aside while stereotypes do what is expected of them, the scenes work like self-contained pages in a comic book, interrupted here not by a second-string comic-book story but by the cheerful platitudes of the Holy Modal Rounders, a country-rock group with a lead singer who comes on like Bob Denver doing an imitation of Gabby Hayes. The Rounders in action, like the other pop borrowings (Doctor Vector is plainly Dr. Strangelove and Billy is William Saroyan's Kit Carson) suggest parodies from *Mad*. The Saroyan echo in the last instance may have less to do with Shepard's intention than the fact that the Lincoln Center so recently revived *The Time of Your Life*.

Social Significance

Given the right kind of foundation grant, I am prepared to examine the social significance of, say, the Green Lantern. What's more, I assume that the significance is really there, that it need not be invented by the content analyst. That is not quite the same as assuming that the comic book is actively intent on an account of the American society it obliquely reflects. Similarly, I may be willing to accept that there is truth of a sort in John Lahr's description of the play [*Village Voice*, March 19] as "an epic *fable* about the nation's rootlessness" (after all, Lahr is literary adviser to the Lincoln Center and may have inside information on artistic intention), but such acceptance does not require that I take the play as ideational. I find myself recalling a remark Shepard made when *La Turista* opened at the American Place Theatre: "I mean it to be a theatrical event, that's all." [*New York Times*, March 5, 1967] Shepard may have moved in the direction of a firmer social statement since then, but *Operation Sidewinder* offers little evidence that such is the case. Walter Kerr's Sunday review [*Times*, March 22] and the *Voice*'s printing of the Young Man's "I am!" speech suggest that some viewers see him as the play's voice, but it is difficult for me to believe that Shepard wants to make a prophet of a character who, a few scenes earlier, killed two men in a moment of impatience. When the Young Man cries out his oppression and his imaginary escape, he is simply another animated cliché. What Shepard seems to have done in *Operation Sidewinder* is bring together a collection of rhetorical stances (there is nothing to choose between the black militant and the CIA man, which may explain the protests that kept the play from its originally scheduled production at Yale), each of them a case of flatulence, empty, helpless, ugly, cruel. In this sense, the play may be taken as a comment, but I cannot escape the conviction that, for Shepard, it is the theatrical possibilities in the type that is more important than any of the objective equivlents.

Nor can I take the end of the play seriously. The boys at *Saturday Review* who put together the Lincoln Center programs thoughtfully provide semischolarly information on snake cults and Hopi myths, but on stage all that Indian stuff is only one more touch of the Shepard comic-book world. A rite in which the computer is transmuted into a beneficent god and the renegade halfbreed, the murderous hophead and the dimwitted slut are purified in its presence has rich ironic possibilities. At the Lincoln Center, however, it is only stage mumbo-jumbo, as cheerfully fake as the destructive finale, a mechanical game that fills the auditorium with smoke and dresses it with weird lighting. Besides, the newly constituted snake-god-computer is torn apart again, which makes impossible the Indians' dignified departure into the murk—at least for those who have followed the myth that Shepard has been describing. The whole thing ends as it begins with the whirling empyrean, but it seemed to me less like the majesty of the firmament than the last dance at the Starlight Roof in Indianapolis in 1940.

"It doesn't matter what you try/It's all about take and give/It doesn't matter how you die/But only how you live," sing the Rounders in one of the scene breaks. The words are Shepard's. Looked at too closely, they dissolve. If it matters how you live, it must matter what you try. As a theatrical event, the chorus of a song, the lines are possible. So with much of *Operation Sidewinder*. Its virtues are all theatrical. There are too many moments when the conscious corn becomes self-defeating, bores in its cuteness, but for the most part it is at the service of a genuine stage imagination. The attenuation of the full-length play and the collector's quaintness in the pop gathering make the Shepard of *Operation Sidewinder* less interesting than the young man who wrote *Red Cross*. The new play can be seen with pleasure, perhaps even with self-recognition, as long as the audience understands that it is an artifact not a critique. Reduced to an ideational line it would be as sentimental as it is silly. It deserves better than that. Shepard is more symptom than seer, but at least he is alive and on the stage at Lincoln Center.

GERALD WEALES

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BOOKS

Günter Grass' tale of men and molars in a mended Germany

Local Anaesthetic

GUNTER GRASS

Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Since the publication of *The Tin Drum* more than a decade ago, Günter Grass has appeared to be the German writer whose encounter with reality is part of Germany's own attempt to come to terms with its recent past. The dimensions of that task are so singular, yet so necessary, that it is difficult to think of any writer who is really capable of achieving it. Nonetheless, Grass continues to probe modern Germany in his fiction, all of it centered on the rise and fall of Nazism and its consequences on postwar Germany.

The Tin Drum was a disjointed but comprehensive novel; indeed, these were the very qualities which set it apart. Grass did not try to exorcise the past through the creation of a specifically "Germanic" Nazism, as Mann did in *Dr. Faustus*. In *The Tin Drum*, anarchy became virtually a principle of creation, and the book's structure reflected the book's world. Form gives rise to meaning; the triumph of the inchoate, the unformed, is the triumph of simplicity. The novel is surrealistic but not demonic; the *Götterdämmerung* is given a comic twist. And its symbols are its people—a dwarf with a tin drum, a homosexual greengrocer who, dressed in his scoutmaster uniform, hangs himself on a scale he has constructed. The politics of insanity has its own naiveté; it is traditional, open, and essentially simple.

Local Anaesthetic appeared in Germany ten years after *The Tin Drum*. During this decade, Grass has published two more novels, *Cat and Mouse* and *Dog Years*, poetry, plays and a collection of political essays. In particular, he has addressed himself to the German young; his essays and journalism constitute a generational polemic. He has become the voice of the enemy for many of those young people whom he was partially responsible for radicalizing when he gave their Germany a voice with Little Oskar's tin drum. As a writer, he has attempted new things with the language and form of the novel, while he has also insisted on the writer's political voice. He has committed himself to democratic socialism during a time in history when it has become increasingly unpopular among many of the young. And yet, Grass has shown himself willing to meet the young honestly; he is one of the few contemporary intellectuals who really argues with them. *Local Anaesthetic* indicates that, despite the difficulties which he himself has had with students, Grass remains aware of the humor of their situation, just as he is aware of how plodding and flatulent the "New Germany" must appear to them.

Gross is pre-eminently a great comic novelist. His scenes emerge from what could be called principled anarchy. Like his other novels, *Local Anaesthetic* is plotless, a mélange of scenes thrown together, in which time past and time present are jumbled in the mind of the protagonist, Herr Starusch, a 40-year-old bachelor teacher of German and history. Starusch turns out to be Stötebeker, the leader of the teen-age gang called the Dusters in *The Tin Drum*. Now we find him undergoing treatment by a dentist who uses television to distract his patients. The dentist, one of Grass's finest comic creations, is a godlike bourgeois intent only on establishing "a worldwide and socially integrated Sickcare" which will systematically "abolish the distinction between doctor and patient." Starusch, meanwhile, is intent on his relationship to his students; he worries about them amid fantasies about his past and future.

But like Grass' other novels, the comedy is impersonal. The subject and source of the novel is Germany, and it for this reason that the action takes place in Berlin, that beleaguered city where ladies gorge themselves on cake and Japanese and American tourists arm themselves with cameras. Around Starusch, attracted by his vulnerability, the other characters gather. His prize student, Scherbaum, plans to burn Max, his pet dachshund, to protest "what's going on in the Mekong Delta"; Vero Lewand, a 17-year-old Maoist, chases passionately after the revolution and Scherbaum, encouraging each one of them with her "marx-engels" patois (she is also the object of Starusch's secret longings, which are, inevitably, consummated—there is no mystery in the modern novel); Irmgard Seifert, Starusch's fellow teacher, has evolved from squad leader in the League of German Girls expressing her "blonde hatred" in a ferocious if fustian prose to the very prototype of the repentant German (she leaves the Lutheran church as a protest against German rearmament and implicitly trusts "this new generation free from the burden of guilt"); and there is the dentist, who fears Starusch, the students, and Fraulein Seifert, who fears, in fact, all those who seek "the transvaluation of values." In the New Germany, only "local anaesthesia prevents us from being all weirdies."

Past and present, reality and fantasy, youth and middle-age, Grass mixes them all. Generals reconstruct the lost war in sandboxes while students paper their walls with Bob Dylan and Che or else cut away Mercedes Benz emblems to make Christmas tree star flowers. For while the focus in *Local Anaesthetic* is on the generational conflict, the way in which Grass depicts this is humorously to match illusion against illusion, Starusch against Scherbaum. If the young revolutionaries are laying the groundwork for a future barbarism, then they are acting out the

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fantasies of their fathers. The violent games Vero Lewand and her cohorts play are matched by generals reconstructing battles, by memories of the Dusters roaming the streets of Danzig as the Russians approach, by Starusch's own erotic fantasies. Confusion is everywhere, and the well-meaning Fraulein Seiferts of this world are just as vulnerable today as they were when they marched behind the banner of the League of German Girls.

Grass has mellowed somewhat, but he is still a remarkably enthusiastic writer. In a curious way, *Local Anaesthetic* pays tribute to the very students with whom Grass has been arguing throughout much of the '60s. Like Grass's other novels, its chief limitation is the curious sense of depersonalization that the reader feels. Not that we do not know these people. But in portraying his Germany undergoing its metamorphosis, Grass leaves us with the feeling that life has failed fiction. Perhaps all that I am saying here is that the wildly exuberant comic novel that we welcomed in *The Tin Drum* now seems in danger of boring us through excessive exposure. In the hands of the lesser black humorists, formlessness threatens to inundate the world as it is as well as the artist's imagination. But that, quite obviously, is not Grass's fault. Like Starusch, he is simply trying to tell us, "There will always be pain."

On Violence

HANNAH ARENDT

Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75

WILSON CAREY MC WILLIAMS

Violence is no longer the exception in politics; it has become the *rule*, ubiquitous and protean in political life. The violence of one man against another, even the murderous emotions of revenge and hatred, acquires in our time an antique charm, a hint of humanity and personality lacking in a time when violence becomes ever more technological and abstract. Terror, the effort to manipulate the mind by violence or the threat of it, became "scientific" in the totalitarian states; it has lost none of its cold technicality by being elevated to the level of the first principle of foreign policy or—in a milder form—as the first principle of advertising that appeals to the fear of age, of loneliness and of death.

Hannah Arendt's latest book is only the contemporary chapter in her continuing struggle to unmask and control the violence of the times. As always, she brings to the task her immense erudition, subtlety of understanding and intricacy of argument. In this book, like its predecessors, Miss Arendt almost seems like an enchantress, attempting to bind the demon of violence with a web of words and ideas, forcing the tiger to yield to the charm. That effort may be less fanciful than it seems, given Miss Arendt's considerable wisdom, for political violence is—as she well knows—partly rooted in the thoughts of men.

Political violence is always the result of some kind of calculation, of the conviction that violent means are best adapted to preventing evil or to realizing the good end. If, as the ethologists would have it, violence only reflected a primal, irrational drive, it would be possible, Arendt points out, to control it by its very unreason, to give it "safe" objects on which to expend itself, substituting "moral alternatives" for war. That prescription, as she rightly observes, suggests that violence be made more irrational, directed away from its real objects and onto substitutes. But because political violence is at least partly rational, it is a disease beyond the reach of such placebos.

The burden of Arendt's book is in suggesting why violence has come to appear more rational in our times—why, for example, the young changed so quickly from a revulsion from violence to the adoption of it as their own. Central to her analysis is the fact that progress has been revealed as a myth, that the "long term" has become doubtful, that science and technology now stand exposed as inevitably involving potential for destruction as well as construction. Progress was always a bribe to man, a dogma which suggested that today's injustice would vanish tomorrow if men allowed history to work its will. And with the loss of that bribe's effectiveness, men turn to violence because violence works quickly, producing *some* effect *now*, rather than in a long term which may never come to be.

Too, Arendt points to the loneliness of society and to men's hatred for the hypocrisy they encounter in others—and in themselves—hypocrisy made possible and necessary by the fact that one is unknown. Both tempt men to violence, for violence "unmasks" the other, forces him to reveal himself nakedly—to appeal to force rather than moral pretense or, if it be other than pretense, to be true to his own morality even at a cost. And of course, violence binds men together because the fear of the foe helps banish fear of one another and the experience of battle is a constant test of the devotion of one's fellows and one's self.

Arendt gives all this to the advocates of violence in order to argue more effectively against them. Violence *is* quick, but to be effective it must be *over* quickly; it is a means which begets response and escalation, obeying its own logic yet always unpredictable because it depends on the response of the enemy. And in our times, given the arsenal of destruction which lies at hand, unpredictability alone condemns violence. As for the solidarity of battle, it is "the most transitory . . . kind of brotherhood" unless the war is repeated, the enemy recreated. It is the creature of the enemy, and—here lies the guilt and sadness of all the fraternities of battle—it is purchased only by the loss of one's comrades; the final "proof" of devotion is irrevocable.

Unfortunately, Arendt's zeal—it is directed, largely, to young intellectuals, with whom Arendt is quite refreshingly sympathetic—carries her to the point of dichotomizing violence and power. There is a need for this, especially against the social scientists who have regarded power as only a shorthand term for, or sublimation of, violence and the potential for violence. Power, however, is simply a means to ends, and violence is a form of power though a weak one. In the effort to make the two into opposites, Arendt's word

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magic becomes only the production of illusions. Both power and violence need controls—the control of the end to which they are directed and of the understanding which knows both their limitations and possibilities as means to the end. Industrial, modern society, based on the promise of man's "war against nature," has lacked either of these controls because war was the first principle of its thought and victory the only end it could conceive. Miss Arendt has a great measure of both, which makes her virtues more rare and her shortcomings less excusable. A charm which would bind violence must be proof against error or it will fall, as so many have, to the strength of the beast.

Max Jamison

WILFRID SHEED

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.50

DAVID LODGE

Max Jamison is a somewhat uninviting title for a novel; but then Max Jamison is a somewhat uninviting character. He is a critic by profession—though this description misleadingly suggests that he is something else in private life. He is not. Wives, mistresses, children and friends exist mainly to be set straight by Jamison: "He went to the kitchen for ice cubes and found Edgar and Janice Goodwood wrangling over some movie. Instinctively he moved in, like a house dick. A critic's work was never done . . . 'What seems to be the trouble?' " Even in the intimacies of sex, his second wife Helen complains, "You felt he was going to write a review about it."

Max began his career as drama critic for the intellectual weekly *Rearview*, but when we pick up the story he has moved over to the less austere, more lucrative pages of the national newsmagazine, *Now*. He continues to review movies for *Rearview*, but this fools nobody, least of all Max himself. If he were quite *sure* he had sold out perhaps he could resign himself to it, but Max's grip on his own values and his own sense of identity is too shaky for him to be sure of anything. He has to squeeze his reviews out of the typewriter, and the joyless effort shows. He quarrels with his fellow-critics. He is alienated from Helen, and can find no adequate way of communicating with his son Justin. He starts an affair with Eve, a promising young divorcée, but she, like everyone else, cannot satisfy Max's impossible demand for a "mature relationship" that is at the same time one of teacher and pupil.

When Helen leaves him for Gene Mungo, a Bohemian painter whose work (adding insult to injury) Max despises, he spins into a frightening breakdown. The first symptom is a regression to childhood bullying: Max starts throwing punches at people who annoy him. Then he withdraws into his shell and devotes his spare time to writing long, abusive and obscene letters to the women who have "wronged" him. Oddly, or perhaps not so oddly, this turns into a kind of therapy: "as his letters received no response at all, they drifted close toward a diary. He began to discuss in them *why* he was writing them in the first place, a complicated artistic form which required a different and saner brand of energy."

Meanwhile, his public criticism has mellowed and Max has become a power on Broadway. But he no longer cares. Indeed he throws up his job and retires to the previously despised groves of academe. Helen, tired of her habitually supine painter, finds it possible to set up house with Max again, and after a year's professorial convalescence he is back on the Broadway beat—not cured, exactly, but precariously content with his lot.

Wilfrid Sheed set himself formidable problems with this novel, and has solved them beautifully. Because the narrative is slight, the burden of sustaining interest falls squarely on Max, and Max is not the kind of character one would normally want to live with for very long. Most of the book consists of Max's interior monologue, but this never becomes monotonous or repellent. The tone and texture of the prose is skilfully varied as Max's consciousness veers between perceptions of the real world and paranoid fantasies of his place in it. Thus, as he weighs up a female prospect at a party, his conscience assumes the imagined voice of his wife: "Look at Daddy right now, children. Stumbling from woman to woman. Not because he wants them, but because they're willing. This is the emptiness I was telling you about."

This technique, as well as generating much excellent comedy, has the effect of disarming the reader, for Max is his own most devastating critic. Even his attempts at self-defense are rinsed in irony: "I, Max Jamison, love life as much as he [Gene Mungo] does. I have walked with Helen through the woods, speechless, strangled with wonder. She knows that. I haven't done it lately. Who has?"

Max Jamison is a fascinating case-history of a certain kind of temperament charged with strong but negative energy; and of a certain profession, also perhaps doomed to negativity, about which Sheed knows a great deal. But Jamison is a more widely representative figure, representative of the contemporary intellectual in early middle-age, acutely critical of his culture, but unwilling to embrace apocalypse, exasperated by post-Gutenberg youth, yet dismayed by the applause of the old. He fully justifies the attention Sheed gives him.

Towards the end of the novel the author abandons strict narrative consistency and allows the story to fray out into the consciousness of other characters—Helen, Eve, Justin—and his own authorial voice becomes audible. This reminded me of the shift in point-of-view halfway through Mr. Sheed's earlier novel about a writer's breakdown, *The Hack*, but seemed much more successful. The changeover is less abrupt because these other characters have already been very vocal in Max's interior monologue, and it is well-timed to coincide with Max's emergence out of neurosis into something like a recognition of other people's individuality. In this respect, and most others, *Max Jamison* is impressive evidence of the mature poise and skill Wilfrid Sheed has achieved as a novelist.

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LINDA KUEHL

Novelists for Novelists

What contemporary authors—if any—claim the attention of new writers? Eight writers who published first works of fiction in 1969 give us some hints. Mention three post-World War II novelists you consider important, they were asked, and indicate why.

FRIEDA ARKIN (*The Dorp,* Dial, $6.95):

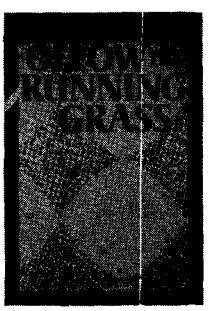
The list of important novelists since the '40's is rich and lengthy, and I cheerfully choose the first three names from my private writer's alphabet: Saul Bellow, John Cheever, and Peter DeVries, all of whom seem to perceive in the human condition a combination of the absurd, tragic, endearing and bewildering. In *Henderson the Rain King* and *Herzog* (I haven't read *Mr. Sammler's Planet* yet), in the two *Wapshot* chronicles and *Bullet Park,* in *Comfort Me With Apples* and *The Blood of the Lamb,* I see a similar assessment of man as one who carries his damnation and his salvation in the same palm. Freud sums this up beautifully: man, he says, is at one and the same time much better and much worse than he thinks he is. I intend no disparagement of the innovative or purely topical novelists of today, but I believe these three, traveling still a somewhat traditional road, are more certain to be cherished in the future.

MADELINE GINS (*Word Rain, or A Discursive Introduction to the Philosophical Investigations of G,R,E,T,A G,A,R,B,O, It Says,* Grossman, $4.95):

1. Jean Genet, the most magnificent prose surgeon, for his poetic anuses 1½. Dear Abby exquisite generator of the novelistic form 2. Gertrude Stein Jr. (sic) for the discovery of the phosphorescent magnetic pole at the absolute center of the (1. double 2. spheroid 3. inverted 4. aural 5. only) parentheses 2½. Jacqueline Susann and Gilbert Ryle for the future medium which their unheard of collaboration suggests as well as for a novel form of cross-pollination 3. Castro—in the sense that history is a novel—for his as yet unpublished novella "Cuba" 3½. Nabokov.

THOMAS McGUANE (*The Sporting Club,* Simon and Schuster, $4.95):

There are any number of master technicians who leave me, as a writer, cold. I can only think of two writers who set dimensions of a frontier without losing resonance through the lunacies of juxtaposition: Günter Grass for grandeur not attained by any other novelist since the war, and John Hawkes for the doggedness and beauty of his historic universal experiment. Grass combines real narrative kinetics with surrealistic arias that are dramatically sustained in context. The wondrous enclosure of his gigantic novels within a single coherent and plausible temperament is the hallmark of his genius. That he is unabashedly novelistic seems indelicate to those who want film scripts or teensy French fantasms of metered silence. I think of Hawkes because his bleak, fearful congestions of language have seemed crucial to me—from the first shock of his vision to the clogged, textual concretia of his fine prose. Against Grass' humanism, Hawkes is systematically cold. Each is almost a specific for the other.



GEORGIA McKINLEY (*Follow the Running Grass,* Houghton Mifflin, $4.95):

I am not a critic and don't think in those terms, so I can only tell you quite simply that the novelists who have meant most to me from the period mentioned are: Günter Grass for explosive imagination and exciting language; Albert Camus for human compassion, and simplicity, and profound philosophical statement; Samuel Beckett for poetic and often humorous rendition of the darkest areas of experience. Among American novelists, I most admire Nabokov for sheer intellectual vigor and explosion of the novel form, and Ralph Ellison for imposing a surrealistic vision upon social commentary. I think Flannery O'Connor is one of the finest writers of this period, but her best work was in the short story form.

RICHARD MARIUS (*The Coming of Rain,* Knopf, $6.95),

I do not read many contemporary authors since my interests seem more fixed in the 19th–century tradition. Maybe that's because I make my living teaching history and, when I read to relax, people like Dickens and Thackeray are more likely to create a world of words where I can feel at home than contemporaries like Updike and Bellow. But I must count Albert Camus because I used to read *La Peste* once a year. Camus believes that man can make it, not to heaven or utopia, but to tomorrow, and that is worth saying nowadays. I read Faulkner's *The Reivers* as soon as it came out, read it straight through and remember laughing out loud about 2 a.m. on a summer night because it was so funny. And I was deeply moved by Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory* and *The Quiet American,* where he captures the spirit of men who must hold onto shattered ideals in the midst of revolution, chaos and death. Greene shows how inhuman is any ideology.

LEONARD MICHAELS (*Going Places,* Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95):

I wanted to do the piece on the novelists, and I certainly would have tried if I could think of three who are particularly important to me for reasons which aren't merely peculiar to me, but I can't seem to do that. I think of Flannery O'Connor and she wasn't as good a novelist as she was

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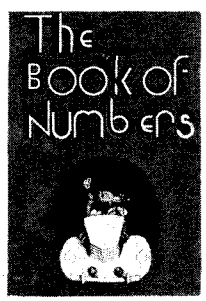
a story writer. I think of Isaac Babel and he never finished his one effort at a novel. I think of Kafka and he wasn't post World War II. If I say Nabokov and Bellow and go on about their amazing stylistic virtuosity, or if I say the author of *The Story of O* and say something about the book's remarkable chastity in word and effect, I'll not be saying very much at all.

ROBERT DEANE PHARR (*The Book of Numbers,* Doubleday, $5.95):

Friends tell me I should be ashamed to admit it, but in my opinion Robert Gover's *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* is the wittiest and most original book ever written in America. He entertains, and that is what good writing is all about and that is more than can be said for many of our so-called literary gems. For very much the same reason I am a fan of Sam Greenlee. The man is not only original, but his plots are masterful and do hold the reader to the end of the tale. He is one of the few black writers who are not constantly returning to his well of autobiography. Next I rate Ishmael Reed. Reed is also his own man, works



out of his own bag and that bag is nobody's but his. When he is doing his thing, the reader lives, breathes, laughs, even when Reed is at his most unintelligible best.

PETER RAND (*Firestorm,* Doubleday, $4.95):

I cannot offhand think of the postwar novelists I like most of all, and I don't think it's such a good idea to name the most important ones. I have been told that those barbed wire camps in Utah where they sent funny people during World War II have been reactivated for our wisemen. I can, though, list three whose novels will never be duplicated by computers: William Burroughs, Vladimir Nabokov and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., in alphabetical order. I hope they are all out of the country, hence safe. I love their novels because they are works of courage, strange visions of tremendous beauty, often scary, always total creations of the imagination made in the face of total annihilation. No faith could be crazier.

The Feast of Fools: A Theological Essay on Festivity and Fantasy

HARVEY COX

Cambridge Univ., $5.95

RAY L. HART

This is not a time for making large books in theology, and of small ones there appears to be no end. Someday, near the petering out of Aquarius, one and all will have to conjure with the question, "What have you done with my little ones?" It's hard to say, just now, while they are hatching or trying their wings.

We can be thankful for small favors: a nice correlation has cropped between the attention-span of theological authors and that of readers who bother to take notice of religious subject matter. Both are brief; both invite spacing out. It only takes a little to groove on, to trip the light fantastic, on the sidewalks of New York.

Here are Noble Lectures (oh Noble Rider and the Sound of Words!) delivered at Harvard (where on Thoreau's authority all branches of learning flourish, but none of the roots) by Harvey Cox, scion of secularity, pariah of fantasy, qadi of celebration, fomenter and fermenter of festivity, tight-roper between the New Mysticism and the New Left. On reading them, one goes dry in the mouth for the strobe lights, Cageian sound. Ariesial balloons, and vestal dancing that accompanied oral delivery. Carnivale (hello and farewell to the flesh) requires as much.

The Secular City, Cox opines, tipped the scale too heavy-handedly toward activistic world-shaping and world-changing, toward *homo faber. Feast of Fools* aims to lay some chips on letting it come, letting it be, letting it hang out and loose. The counter-balance, *ibidem* counter-culture, is *homo ludens, homo festivus, homo fantasia.* In play, festival, and fantasy man sets aside and is set outside the workaday world. He is possessed and goes along. In a mood of spontaneity and abandonment he is open, in Thoreau's fine phrase, to the theme that seeks him—whereas working, sober, and reasonable, he is out to find a theme he can manage and subdue. Always Strictly Business (whether Money Business or Theological Professor Business) cuts him off from a self-renewing subliminal mass, so that nothing "occurs to him" beyond the consignments of cerebrative input. Celebration, from office party to Woodstock, is the stuff out of which theological cerebration might get its circuits restamped.

Not that Cox is taking anything back, he says, just moving ahead. Protestant, Apollonian world-changers need introducing to Catholic, Dionysian life-celebrators. In today's youth culture the same cleavage between the new mystics and the militants wants attention.

Christianity-as-usual lies more to the problem than to the solution side of the ledger. While Cox clearly wishes to uncouple himself from the radical (death of God) theologians, he just as clearly accepts one of their central contentions. Richard Rubinstein has put the point perhaps most forcefully: the Judeo-Christian tradition has fostered such expectations of man the history-maker as to make it and them no longer tolerable. The God of Mighty Acts gave metaphysical aid, encouragement, and comfort to man the active history-maker. Now that God has gone dead in the tradition, culturally, we are left (in the phrase of Lévi-Strauss) with an "overheated history."

Enter Cox, left stage: "Festivity is the way we cool history without fleeing from it." (The old in-it-but-not-of-it problem.) Festal fantasy affords a brief recess from history-making while it celebrates, by sheer contrast, the fact of history-making. "It reminds us that

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we are fully within history but that history is within something else."

How so? Festivity is manifestly unproductive: whooping it up intends nothing but itself, revelry and conviviality. In the festal mood one is taken out of the whole consumer-production syndrome, he is on holiday from convention. His route to recess land is by way of excess, chaos, surfeit, overload, prodigality. (That is why the kids require 200 watt amplifiers: they must go deaf in order to hear: only if every overload switch is tripped can conventional sensory input be stalled.) There, in a new position, it is possible to strike juxtaposition; because of real contrast, celebration is an authentic option. In distance on a desublimated life afforded by festal purchase on sublimity, if we may cast the matter in Marcusian terms, it is possible to say a free and spontaneous "yes." (And isn't it curious that Cox follows so few of Marcuse's leads?!)

Of fantasy, it is enough to say that it is faculty for bringing festivity off, the faculty "for envisioning radically alternative life situations." Cox essays a distinction between imagination and fantasy, but it turns out to be a distinction without a difference since fantasy is imagination raised to the nth power. In imagination one polevaults over convention and decorum while in fantasy one suspends the reality principle itself: fantasy is "advanced imagining."

If festal fantasy cools history without fleeing it, how does it help us see that "history is within something else?" It is not clear whether a theological proposal is being advanced here, and if it is, of what sort it is. With much talk of ritual and myth, are we counseled to heed Rubinstein's (to some extent, Altizer's also) exhortation to repair to the archetypal constants? And are these constants worthy of note because they steel us against the residue of a tradition that was a mistake from the outset? Or by festal fantasy are we placed in contact with the wellsprings of human life, and so enabled both to evade an aberrant tradition and participate in the formation of a new and authentic one? And are we to suppose that the fantasy which evades history is in *no way* disposed by its own history?

It is not easy, and in this brief compass probably not useful, to enter into conversation with a book that proceeds now by arresting insights that ring true, now by the piecing together of other people's opinions by the gross. Forced to one issue over which to pick a bone, I should choose a gaggle of issues clustering around the words "imagination" and "fantasy." *Phantasia* and *imaginatio* were used synonymously for a millenium or more. Why has modernity, beginning with the Enlightenment, found it necessary to discriminate them and even to effect discriminations within each of them? More importantly, what do these discriminations have to say about the history that has become so putatively tyrannical?

Cox appears to suggest that where imagination has gone dead in a culture, fantasy is the only possible form of nondiscursive life. He is right; but the point bears and demands close analysis. One result of such analysis might be the disclosure that fantasy is the last and most fatal opiate of a history that has already taken imagination in tow. One might yoke Marcuse and Coleridge to plow this furrow out. What about the whole-hold which convention has on the very capacity to fantasize radical alternatives? Coleridge said of fantasy (fancy) that it had nothing to work with but dead imagination, with "counters" and "fixities." No doubt fantasy works by negative impulse; it negates or rearranges fixities, so that it comes up with their opposites or a collage, or both. Fantasy is thus still tied to the base it negates, in its range. One sees this among the young: theirs is a *counter*-culture. The vivification of fantasy that will count will arise from a deeply renewed imagination; and that awaits a new possibility of experience.

Still and even so: Cox's instincts are sure. His vibrations are good. He knows ". . . the life of the spirit is ahead of the theologians" and that "a new intellectual approach in theology will require a different social location for the theologian." Where does that lead us?

Travels With My Aunt

GRAHAM GREENE

Viking, $5.95

MARGARET WIMSATT

What an amusing and confusing book Mr. Greene has given us for his (roughly counted) nineteenth novel. It is lively, plotted, ingenious, taking us through many Western hemisphere scenes and atmospheres, and not a page nor a paragraph is dull. It includes a dash of almost everything else he has written. Like the famous HP sauce, so necessary in British inns, which the narrator regretfully matches to his initials, it is hot and zesty, with ingredients culled and carried from far, shaken and cooked, and lo, all other flavors are obliterated.

If Mr. Greene had gone to the 18th century, he might have subtitled this book: "The Education of Henry Pulling." It has a Fielding point of view with a squint. But the intended echoes are all 19th century. A patient reader would do well to enquire whether or not all the poetry quoted can be found in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, a book so alive in the story as to be counted almost one of its characters, along with Sir Walter Scott and Marion Crawford. Browning is here, and sums up the work:

> God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!

This last touch in the novel is perhaps not sardonic; each reader will have to decide for himself. Anyone who starts the novel will get to the end.

Graham Greene may have changed his perspective, may perhaps now feel that he is looking back at other Graham Greenes who wrote other books, books of travel, entertainments, novels. Perhaps he is indulging himself in the luxury of the elderly point of view. As man and author, he must be comfortably sure that his inventiveness has not failed. The cameos in this book are superb: the grave-keeping lady at Boulogne who said, surprisingly, of Henry's father: "He died in my arms"; Uncle Jo Pulling, crawling through his many-

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chambered house (freehold by courtesy of Aunt Augusta, deviously) and dying on the way to the bathroom; young Tooley, with age-old female problems not solved by modern medicine; and finally, when the action is almost over, the long-delayed tale of Mr. Pottifer. (Potiphar? No!)

The action on the physical level holds together as well as anything Greene or Eric Ambler wrote in their palmiest days. Everything is neatly plotted and tidied up at the end, though perhaps in the sense that embroidery threads are snipped when the stitching is done. The stage action takes place within one neatly Aristotelian revolution of the sun. The principal characters have their fates settled by marriage or murder, and the ones who only drifted in, like the lovable Tooley and her almost as kindly father, O'Toole, of the CIA, drift off again into the fog, pursuing their love or their quarry.

Against all this plotted neatness sound the teasing, elusive echoes of authors we all once knew and can't quite now remember. For fun, a few: O'Neill: the black man, Wordsworth, who is to become her lover, first reminds Aunt Augusta of The Emperor Jones. Conrad, not by name, but he certainly presides over the voyage up the Uruguay River; Eliot, also not by name, but who else familiarized a whole generation with the corpse at the bottom of the garden? Waugh, the mischievous one, is all over the place. Hymns are named and quoted (but which is the one said to be unliturgically changed on page 243?). The omnipresent echo is of Greene himself, Greene as perceptive traveller; Greene as Catholic ("I didn't want to seem superior, so I joined the Catholic Church"); Greene as author of fast-moving books where trains had an aura of destiny and frontiers were passports to adventure. Now the only adventure on the Stamboul Train comes, mistakenly from pot.

Here, said somebody once, is God's plenty. If, after a run in the fields of Eden we wonder what lacks, it is fair, having paid our respects to the respected author, to wonder why his book fails, when he is in command of so much.

I suggest a fault in the building, an unequal yoking together in the book of two characters from different sources of literary vision and value. Aunt Augusta is a superb creation in one rich style, like Moll Flanders, like that lady Melinda Mercouri played, generous and fantastical, giving her child away for its good, giving her heart to a shady character who, rather against Fate's expectations and her own, turns up in her old age to give her life meaning again. She is drawn with the flat of the brush, in very fierce colors.

But Henry Pulling, her nephew, comes from another mine, more leaden than bronze. He is fine brushwork in a cartoon, he is Edward Lear superimposed on a Hogarth. To make an innocent the narrator is a good trick, not invented but often used by Greene. The bystander is involved in mysterious events breaking around him, and discovers himself to be at the heart of the heart of the mystery. But this time it is oil and water; it doesn't work. A man of such interesting parentage, even

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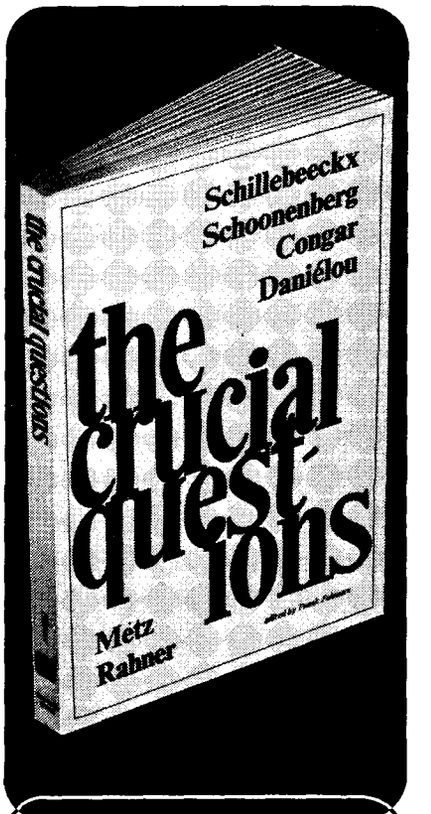

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raised by a stepmother who deserved a white funeral, could not have spent many years in a suburban bank, cultivating his dahlias. However forcefully his transformation is insisted on, we do not believe in him. Next to Aunt Augusta's catholic magnificence, next to Wordsworth's transcendental charity, he is a wraith, not only not a hero, but not even a possible actor in the tale. He is not Tony Last. The man of the first half would not have ended on that last page, even after one wild *Wanderjahr*, even with those genes. He is schizophrenic, and we do not believe in him.

Among the contrived delights, fat fake pearls on a crumbly thread, are two scenes that make us realize Graham Greene has not given his whole heart away in return for the knowledge of good and evil. Near the hurried end of the book, Aunt Augusta pauses long enough to explain to Henry why, defying probability, giving up luxury, she has come so far on this unpromising quest; "My dear Henry, if you live with us . . . every day you live will seem to you a kind of victory. 'I was too sharp for it that time,' you will say, when night comes, and afterwards you'll sleep well." And on the last page, at the very end of this affair, the recognition of sonship in a triumph of unexpected sentimentality. Love, Mr. Greene wryly affirms, is at the heart of the matter.

Discerning the Spirit

DONALD L. GELPI, S.J.
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JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP

The subtitle, *Foundations and Futures of Religious Life,* suggests fairly clearly that this book is addressed primarily to the author's fellow-religious. He writes out of a conviction that religious life is currently in a state of disarray and crisis and that the traditional model, the "manual tradition" as he calls it, is by and large no longer acceptable.

Aware of the various personality disorders to which inmates of religious institutions are prone (admirably documented by Erving Goffman in *Asylums*), the "living and partly living," the pervasive ritualism and authoritarianism, he seeks a solution short of quitting the institution and holds out some hope for the future. He tells us in the preface that he wrote out of a personal need to find new meaning. He also explains how, notwithstanding, the result is so abstract and academic—which it is.

It also seems strange that one so sensitive to specifically American attitudes and disquietudes verbalizes his problem within such a narrow cultural range. Experiments in communal living —not only in California—add up to one of the most interesting aspects of our recent cultural history. It is understandable, though perhaps disappointing, that no attempt is made to compare the religious functionally with, say, the Hippie or the radical revolutionary, both of whom contradict by their life style the values accepted and lived out in the dominant culture. But unless I have missed it, there is not even a reference to other Christian patterns of community life such as that of Taizé which has now taken root in this country. It is not even too clear, to this reader at least, that the author has really gone significantly beyond the priestly ethos of his own community. Women (still referred to here as "persons of the other sex") have had their own adventures and misadventures in dedicated community living—in this country more than anywhere else. It would surely have helped if more explicit reference had been made to their experience.

What lies behind the current disaffection and uncertainty, the dwindling of vocations, the many "defections," is the collapse of a sense of purpose. Once—it seems ages ago—the issue was clear: solitude, separation from the world, prayer, mortification, the undivided love of God. Kazantzakis, who was himself in a way a defector from religious life, put it clearly in *Report to Greco* where he is reflecting on a visit to St. Catherine's monastery on Mount Sinai: "Solitude is fatal to any soul which fails to burn with a great passion. If, in his

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solitude, a monk does not love God to the point of frenzy, he is doomed."

Gelpi is too familiar with his public to opt for this kind of passionate advocacy. He considers the merits of the task-oriented and inter-personal models and recommends a combination of the best qualities of both. Perhaps his most positive contribution is to substitute gratuitous sharing for poverty and service for obedience. His treatment of the third of the vows, that of total sexual abstinence, is less satisfactory since he sidesteps the crucial question of eschatological motivation and does not sufficiently isolate it from *clerical* celibacy. He remains, on the whole, within the established structures, bringing to bear on them a measure of post-Vatican II enlightenment, a more liberated biblical exegesis, a more candid criticism of old ways and attitudes. This is to be welcomed, as is also his suggestion that religious might do well to take up yoga and the way of Zen Buddhism.

City Without Walls

W. H. AUDEN

Random House, $4.50

B. J. WALLENSTEIN

The interests of W. H. Auden's last collection of essays, *Secondary Worlds*, (Random House, 1968) are specific and recondite: he speaks of religious drama, medieval saga, the world of opera and finally Christian theology. Beyond these interests, fertile as they are, the prose expands to afford illumination of a larger field. We are able to perceive the poet standing in relation to his art and the strange world we all live in.

> Poets may, in a futile attempt to recover social importance, attempt to become propagandists for some good cause, to be, as current jargon has it, *engagé*. The world about is, and always has been, full of gross evils and appalling misery, but it is a fatal delusion . . . to suppose that by making works of art, we can do anything to eradicate the one or alleviate the other. Art is impotent.

The apparent ivory-towerish aesthetic must not be seized upon without us looking much further, and into the poetry. Too much attention has been paid to Auden's departure from the *engagé* position of his leftist 1930's, when writers were seeking faith in art as a weapon. Fresh attention should be directed not to a changing politics, or even a changing aesthetic, but rather to the more fascinating features of a poetry's relationship both to social life in the largest sense, and the reader's private life. Whether or not the poet imagines art to be a viable social force is not as important as considering what kind of art the poet can cull from his society. W. H. Auden continues to create poetry that at its best moments spirals out of private experience into public life.

There are enough of these moments in *City Without Walls*. Few of the poems here are likely to show up in a selected paperback edition of Auden's poetry 50 years from now, but at a time when daring and novelty have all but replaced poetry, the voice of a true poet sounds especially fine.

The book contains much light verse, reminding us that Auden is a master of that sphere. While his series of aphorisms, called "Marginalia," is overlong, the language frequently startles: "Brashly triumphant,/overdogmatic, a sneeze/asserts without proof/some ritual connection/between breathing and loving." The reader is drawn into the words themselves for sense. But too often Auden attempts a Wildeian humor which comes out as prep school snobbery: "Wicked deeds have their glamour,/but those who commit them/are always bores." There is little sharp wit in this poet whose humor does best in a satire based on moral indignation. "August 1968" is such an example. It is short enough for me to quote it here in full:

> The Ogre does what ogres can,
> Deeds quite impossible for Man,
> But one prize is beyond his reach,
> The Ogre cannot master Speech.
> About a subjugated plain,
> Among its desperate and slain,
> The Ogre stalks with hands on hips,
> While drivel gushes from his lips.

The image of the Ogre grows

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throughout *City Without Walls:* he is the modern anti-hero's nemesis. In the second of "Two Songs" (the first is the "Song of the Ogres") the image is extended to The Devil who knows "That Honor is hypocrisy,/Honesty a joke./ You live in a Democracy:/Lie like other folk." The lamentation over such deterioration of values, ("Values are relative./Dough is dough."), masked in undisguised satire, provides the dominant tone and theme of Auden's poetry. His position is integrated into a poetry which never fails to surprise through remarkable vocabulary and careful sense of rhythm. It is most convincing in the title poem where the poet quotes his own 3 a.m. city thoughts, a collection of elegant worryings: "where gangs clash and cops turn/robber-barons: reckless he/who walks after dark in that wilderness." About this time the reader may be growing uneasy with Mr. Auden's implied suggestion for law and order. A kind of Yeatsian plea for an elitist or hierarchical world order is felt throughout—his own voice cuts in chiding him for his negative disposition: " 'My!' I blustered, 'how moral we're getting.' " And a third voice gets the poet into the real world which, by the way, may be less true than the one realized throughout: " 'Go to sleep now for God's sake!/You both will feel better by breakfast time.' " The context is more or less assuring. The poet enjoys the company of friends.

The friendships are felt in some of the occasional poems in *City Without Walls*. Though these poems are managed with assurance, at least one bogs down in pettiness. Auden speaks of Emma Eiermann, his housekeeper, in an elegy: "You who always made/such conscience of our comfort,/oh, how could you go and die." Here too Auden is unable to suppress the social criticism which works so well elsewhere: "as if you didn't know/that in a permissive age/so rife with envy,/a housekeeper is harder/to replace than a lover." At times the poetry provides facts and not the more interesting self-adjustments to those facts.

At its best the poetry forces us into making new connections. The reader is made to participate in the poetry by using the strength of Auden's line, whether it be light and ironic or caustic and aloof, to trigger emotions that are quite the opposite from the tone of the line. "Partition" is a poem about a man in politics we would do well to fear. Yet Auden refuses to look at him seriously: "Shut up in a lonely mansion, with police night and day/Patrolling the gardens to keep assassins away,/ He got down to work, to the task of settling the fate/Of millions." The man, though a fool, is a kind of abstraction, and the reader, almost without knowing it, is made to create the man's world, a world void of all sense and compassion. Auden allows the antagonist to function as a caricature in order to lighten his satire, to make it less didactic.

For all his disdain for popular political movements, his aesthetic distancing of his art from political messages, Auden is as much aware as he ever was of the essential social function of poetry. Again to quote from *Secondary Worlds*, ". . . to say that a poem is a personal utterance does not mean that it is an act of self-expression. The experience a poet endeavors to embody in a poem is an experience of a reality common to all men; it is only his in that this reality is perceived from a perspective which nobody but he can occupy."

In Auden's art there is a poetry which shortens the gap between confession and manifesto:

> . . . Who am I now?
> An American? No, a New Yorker,
> who opens his *Times* at the obit page,
> whose dream images date him
> already,
>
> * * *
>
> To speak is human because human
> to listen,
> beyond hope, for an Eighth Day,
> when the creatured Image shall
> become the Likeness:
> Giver-of-Life, translate for me
> till I accomplish my corpse at last.

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The Bible As Literature

T. R. HENN

Oxford, $7.

THOMAS J. McDONNELL

William Butler Yeats' indictment of civilization remains important. He decried the decay and misuse of language as attacking man's spiritual integrity. He felt that the modern world's preoccupation with linguistic abstractions robbed human existence of vitality and the dimension of awe. Language must be perceived as an instrument of power and energy. Abstractions are too impersonal and too cold to generate any urgency of meaning through language. Again and again, Yeats returned to the richness of images, believing that there is more inexplicable depth in an image or symbol than in a clear abstraction. And it is as an heir and exponent of this literary tradition that Dr. Henn's work is properly understood.

The main thesis of his work is that the vitality of language and imagery reflects the vitality of the ideas it embodies. It is through language that the human mind deals with its world. And certainly the world of the Bible was primarily a verbal world.

For several decades now, the human dimension of Sacred Scripture has demanded attention. Unfortunately, far too many scholars have forgotten that the language of the Bible belongs half to its original author and half to those who read it. Often, biblical phrases fail to convey meanings because commentators leave out of account the personal associations these same words carry for many moderns.

But the archaic dignity of the primitive languages—the peculiar beauties of rhythm and sound—can never be transferred into English. This is our irreparable loss. And the fact that we are dealing with the printed page complicates matters. Visual space is too flat to catch, for example, the subtle inflections, the swift movement and the strong beat of the Semitic measure.

Thus the challenge emerges. How is one able to recreate the beauty and power of languages which are no longer familiar? And can the fabric and color of the vernacular, especially the King James (Authorized) Version upon which he bases his presentation, approximate the power of the original?

Methodologically, he portrays the literature of the Bible as the imaginative expression of the Israelite society. The authors of the sacred texts were very much bound by their environment. As such, the literature cannot be divorced from the social, economic and geographical conditions of the time. It is in this wider context that he sifts and analyzes the formal and emotional contents of the Scripture's language.

And it is as a lover of words that Dr. Henn best wears the mantle of Yeats. His technical finesse brings clarity and precision to his work. There is a sure feeling of concept-relation. His delicate handling of the complex indicates and inculcates an appreciation of the linguistic vitality of the Bible, even in translation. And above all, he takes into account the current climate of opinion.

Thus, the integrity of his own presentation demands the inclusion of a number of technical chapters and sections illustrating linguistic conventions and genre. Because of this, the title of his work, *The Bible As Literature,* is apt to be misunderstood. Many interpret literature in the context of something that asks to be shared. It implies an activity of consciousness and response. Its value lies in the fact that through literature individuals establish a wider identity. From this aspect of literature, however, the author remains clinically detached.

Consequently, the spontaneous and immediate intensity of the Bible seems to be anesthetized under the control of technique. Often, individual sections revolve on their own technical axis, lacking the integration of literary experience. The danger of fatigued attention seems inevitable. And at times, the tone of the work seems to embody a clear-sighted attitude of respectful distance from the spiritual meaning of the Bible.

But it would be a mistake to neglect Professor Henn's work because it cannot be made into a message. The full significance of Scripture as life-giving can only be captured in the relationship of all the different fields of human ex-

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perience—including the experience of external expression. And for those who are forced to read the Bible in translation, this sensitive presentation can be of great assistance.

In conclusion, we might again turn to Yeats. Professor Henn has set the mind to work. And in a literary twist of reversibility, his technical exposition can well be understood in terms of a symbol. He has suggested a way for the reader's creative imagination to go. By lifting the curtain upon the Bible in a completely literary context, he has allowed the mind's eye to glimpse a variety of possibilities. This is much to be said of any work.

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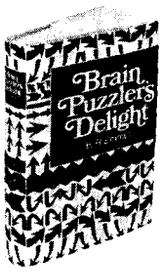

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 179)

Wellesley, Fordham, Penn State, Iowa, Rochester, Michigan, *et al* normally awarded scholarships, fellowships and assistantships to graduating seniors in numbers running from 25 to 2. Also interesting is one recurring feature, the success of biology majors (they received the 2 in 1969) all of whom have been taught by a nun, just possibly a post-Trentine member of the Congregation.

3. The statement regarding the mortgage could have been accurate had it said that the Board instructed counsel to prepare an extension of the mortgage agreement; the Board has and has had no official responsibility for the academy mentioned.

4. The injection of the religious affiliation of certain faculty members in the article requires that I state that at no time since I came here on January 5 has any member of the Board at any time said anything on this count—in four meetings.

5. At no time since January 5 has any Board member at any time made any reference to a "troublesome student body" or a "radical faculty"—again, in four meetings.

6. The "mysterious" Mr. E. Smith presented no insoluble problem either to several faculty members or to members of two successive student governments who conferred with him in his Manhattan office on several occasions.

7. In its March 16 meeting the Board was assured by the Student Government members that student efforts to raise money were not contingent on the retention by the Board of any present administrator or teacher.

FRANCIS P. KILCOYNE
Acting President

REPLY: Broadly speaking, the problems plaguing the college are not of recent origin. Dr. Kilcoyne persistently attempts to interpret the history of the school from January 5th, 1970—the date of his arrival on campus. He never addresses himself to the question of why the Board left an incompetent in office for three years! A more honest approach would have included a broader view of the past. More specifically his remarks can be challenged thusly:

First—the reduction of faculty teaching loads was done to attract a more professional teaching staff and is in conformity with the general national norm recommended by the AAUP. Furthermore, the average faculty load was never less than 9 hours per semester in addition to an average of no less than 3 hours a week of committee work. More importantly, student body enrollment was projected at the time these changes were introduced to over 1,000. However, mismanagement on the part of the administration resulted in cancellation of the public relations staff (which would have indirectly increased student enrollment) and cancellation of a projected dormitory which was to be completed in September of 1969, and which would have housed hundreds of additional students. Measured against this framework and background, Dr. Kilcoyne's quotations are out of context and erroneous.

Secondly—the College was in such a state of academic decay that the Middle States evaluating team demanded a show cause order in 1965. Had the new Dean not been brought in at the time that he was, the school undoubtedly would have lost its accreditation. Moreover, when we speak of a "finishing school" atmosphere we are speaking of

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a generally pervasive atmosphere which demanded that students dress like ladies, learn important things like "how to behave at teas," never indulge in banal talk or question the legitimacy of authority. (My first year on campus was spent listening to the debate over whether students could smoke within a building and wear slacks to school.) Briefly, Notre Dame failed to address itself to the needs of the broader community and to the demands of modern living.

Thirdly—Mr. Smith did become available after several telegrams were sent to his office demanding an appointment (his secretary never knew his whereabouts) and after several uninvited visits were made to his office. Students had to use a false name to get through to him on the telephone. Interestingly, his latest remarks to students should be taken quite seriously as indications of his attitude. I quote, "You mean to tell me that you did not know in October that this school was going to close." "It is about time you girls began to raise some money for this place." "If you raise $1,500,000 we will reconsider our position, but we will *not* solicit any funds on our own."

It is no surprise, therefore, that students have given up completely their attempts at fund-raising. Apparently, they do not wish to see a school continued here which is irrelevant and uninterested in their needs. Indeed, rather than give the Board the $10,000 collected, the students elected to return the money to its donors!

PHILIP M. KAYAL

"Developments" in Israel

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Robert Carl Hirschfield [March 6] refuses to be too "impressed with positive developments" in Israel, orderly demonstrations or even the very permission to hold them in "time of war," free movement for Arabs or the abolition of capital punishment for murderers. His evidence of "Israel's shame" is that a student said emphatically to a demonstrator ". . . All Arabs are dogs."

Even if we accept that Mr. Hirschfield has told the truth, it merely proves that there are some cranks in Israel. However, they are a small minority and do not determine policy. The decisive and cruel fact is that the Arabs are not threatened with extermination. The Jews of Israel are. New Left logic is of little use in such situations. Persons and publications who refuse to acknowledge this existential difference are supporters of genocide. ABRAHAM G. DUKER

Community Colleges

Winter Haven, Fla.

To the Editors: Mr. Berube ["The Right to College," April 3] makes some telling points concerning higher education for all who want to go. Certainly, the question of can we afford to must be transformed into can we afford not to. However, in his discussion of the community colleges he seems remarkably ill-informed.

Like California, Florida has an open door policy of admissions. Mr. Berube shows remarkable liberal arts bias when he refers to community college education as a hindrance to social mobility of the poorer students. Study after study in the community college points out how many students are moving on to higher education (senior institutions) who might never have been granted admission to senior institutions. Conservatively, if Florida's community colleges were to close down, the senior universities which now severely restrict enrollment would have to find placement for 58,000 additional students.

More importantly, however, is the fact that thousands upon thousands of students who might have been destined for the liberal arts slag heap are now contributing members of their community with increased professional training.

Everyone can profit from further education, Mr. Berube. To view liberal arts education as this education is a serious mistake. Let's all work together.

VICTOR B. FICKER
Polk Junior College

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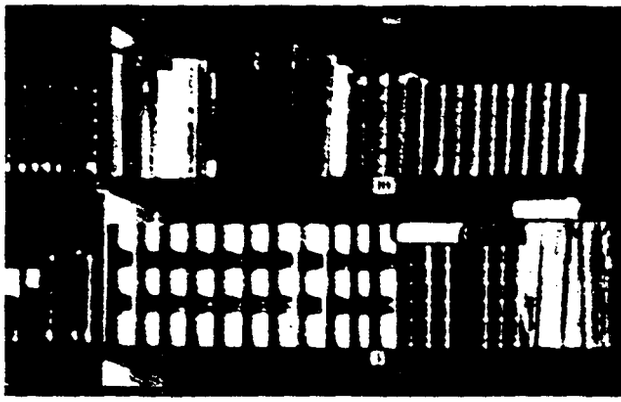

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